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Topkapı Palace Museum, Istanbul. Photograph by Hadiye Gökçe



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PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Berrin Torolsan

EDITOR
John Scott

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Susana Raby
Hilary Stafford Clark
Roger Williams

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Andrew Finkel
Elizabeth Meath Baker
David Barchard
Rose Baring

DESIGNER
Kate Newman

FOUNDING
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Clive Crook

COORDINATION
Emin Saatçı

MANAGING EDITOR
Gündüz Aydınlar

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING
GiGi Senecal

www.cornucopia.net

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Turkey

CC 480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303 İstanbul
cornucopia@atlas.net.tr
Tel & fax: +90(0)212 248 3607

United Kingdom

P.O. Box 13311, Hawick TD9 7YF, Scotland
subscriptions@cornucopia.net
Tel +44(0)1450 379933 Fax +44(0)1450 379988

USA and Canada

P.O. Box 3405, Sunriver, OR 97707, USA
subscriptions@cornucopia.net

Advertising

Turkey

Tel & fax: +90(0)212 248 3607

United Kingdom

Tel +44(0)20 7792 2377 Fax +44(0)20 7792 5442

USA & Canada Tel 1-503 789 0974

All enquiries: advertising@cornucopia.net

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ISSN 1301-8175

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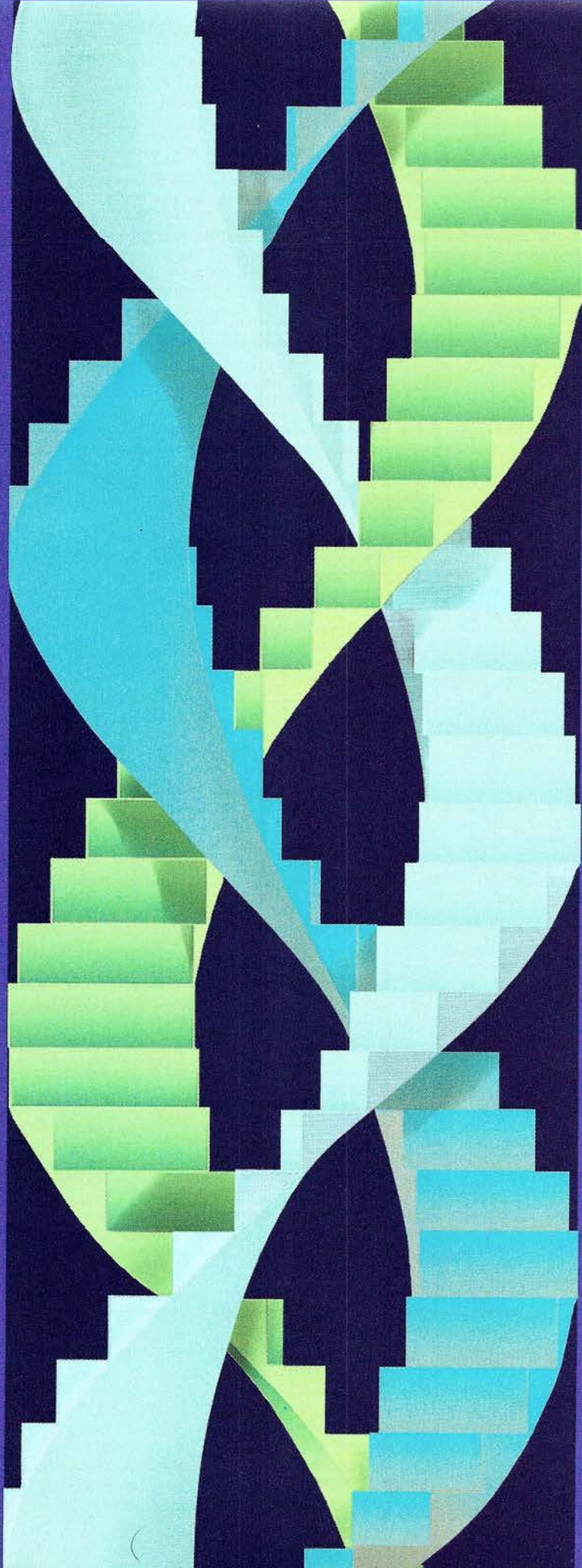
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FROM THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION, AND A FAIR OF ANTIQUE CARPETS AND TEXTILES



SOOTHEY'S

AUCTIONS

Islamic Sales Week
May 1–7, London

This beautiful rare Mamluk tile – a strange mix of fantasy and reality from 15th-century Egypt or Syria – is a highlight

of Sotheby's sale on May 3 (est. £25,000). Rivalling it in importance is Bonhams' offering on May 2 of a diverse collection of Kütahya ware. The wild zigzag design of three of the pieces makes them confidently attributable to the

hand of Sivaz and datable to the 1740s. Christie's King Street is selling Islamic Art and Manuscripts on May 1 and Carpets on May 2. The rug sale includes the Ziegler Carpet from Sigmund Freud's Hampstead dining room (est.

£60,000). Christie's South Ken's Islamic sale on May 3 may be one of the last, if rumours of closure are to be believed. These are interesting times: Christie's is also planning to leave its historic King Street premises.

Some enchanted garden

BY JOHN CARSWELL

Un jardín encantado:
Arte islámico en la
Colección Calouste
Gulbenkian.
Fundación BSCH
Madrid

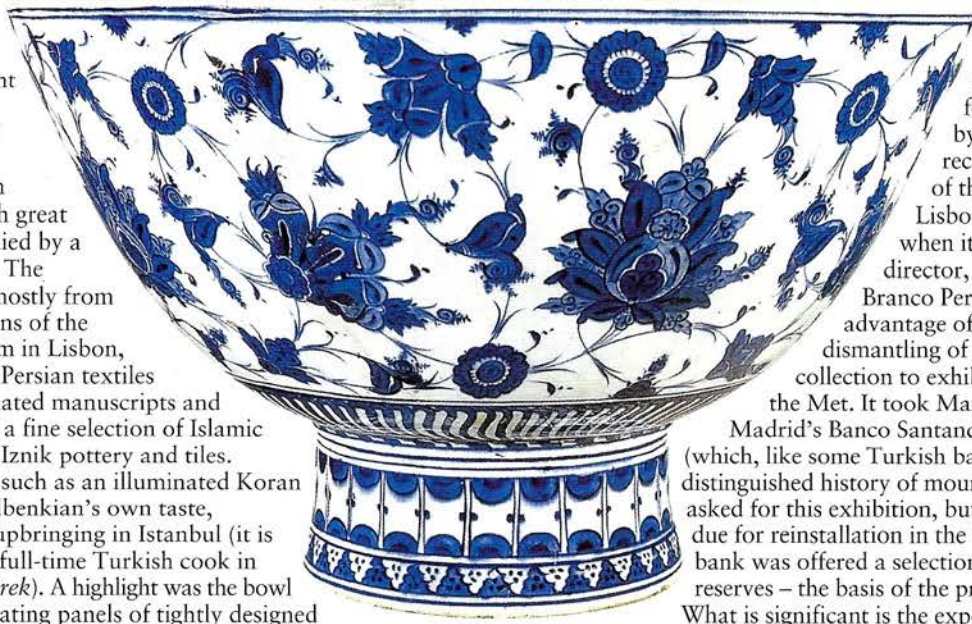
This exhibition, which closes as CORNUCOPIA goes to press, is important for a number of reasons, besides the sheer beauty of the sixty-odd objects on show, mounted with great taste and accompanied by a stunning catalogue. The exhibition, drawn mostly from the reserve collections of the Gulbenkian Museum in Lisbon, covers Turkish and Persian textiles and carpets, illuminated manuscripts and book-bindings, and a fine selection of Islamic ceramics, including Iznik pottery and tiles.

Striking artefacts such as an illuminated Koran reflect Calouste Gulbenkian's own taste, conditioned by his upbringing in Istanbul (it is said he employed a full-time Turkish cook in Paris just to make *börek*). A highlight was the bowl shown here, its radiating panels of tightly designed ornament inside contrasting with a wreath of stylised peonies and marguerites linked by a wiry spiral stem on the exterior.

Stars of the show were undoubtedly the Ottoman velvets, surely some of the greatest in the world outside the Topkapı Palace. With their contrast of scale and delicate detail, they leapt off the wall, and the fact that none were under glass gave



CONTRASTING DECORATION ON THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF A 16TH-CENTURY IZNIK BOWL FROM THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION



them a rare immediacy.

The exhibition, a fortuitous by-product of the recent refurbishing of the Gulbenkian in Lisbon, came about when its dynamic new director, Joao Castelo Branco Pereira, took advantage of the temporary dismantling of the permanent collection to exhibit a selection at the Met. It took Manhattan by storm.

Madrid's Banco Santander Foundation (which, like some Turkish banks, has a distinguished history of mounting exhibitions) asked for this exhibition, but as it was then due for reinstallation in the Gulbenkian, the bank was offered a selection from the reserves – the basis of the present show. What is significant is the exposure to the

Spanish public of a wide range of Islamic works of art: Spain has been slow to respond to the splendours of 800 years of Islamic civilisation in the Iberian peninsula.

For those who missed the show, the catalogue (in Spanish, 3500 pts) records an exceptional event (from Fundación BSCH tel (34) 91 337 7433, fax 7236, fundacion@fundacion.bsch.es).



The Hali Fair
Olympia, London
June 14–18

Dealers from all over the world are being invited to submit their best Ottoman and Turkish textiles and works of art to a special exhibition accompanying the fourth annual Hali Antique Carpet and Textile Art Fair. This beautiful classical Ushak carpet on loan from The Textile Gallery, London, was

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THE INDOMITABLE DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS, WHO HAS DIED AT 102, HELD A SPECIAL AFFECTION FOR TURKEY, WHERE IN THE POST-WAR YEARS SHE CREATED THE NATIONAL BALLET FROM SCRATCH. TWO OF HER PROTÉGÉS REMINISCE TO ELIZABETH MEATH BAKER, AND HER VISITS TO ANKARA ARE RECALLED BY THE FORMER AMBASSADOR SIR BERNARD BURROWS

MEMORIES OF MADAM

When Ninette de Valois accepted an invitation in 1947 to come to Turkey to see about setting up a national ballet company, those who knew her well were probably confident that she could succeed, as she had in Britain, in creating a ballet company from scratch where there was no previous tradition. She was famous, indeed notorious, for her discipline, grit and determination, as much as for her greatness as an artist and a teacher, and known as something of a martinet in what was then the Sadler's Wells Ballet, later to become the Royal Ballet. But surely no one could have anticipated the extent of her success and, more, the profound mutual affection which would develop between her and "Madam's Turks", as her protégés came to be called.

Richard Glasstone, who joined the fledgling company as resident choreographer in Ankara in 1965, was appointed by Dame Ninette. He felt the closeness of her relationship with Turkey came from many sources. One of these was her Irishness – she warmed to what she spoke of as an "Irishness" in the Turks. Another was the empathy she felt as a result of her own early struggles in establishing the English ballet at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic under Lilian Baylis.

In her book *Step by Step*, she described the evolution of the Turkish ballet and she tells the story of how, at the age of ten, she was given a dancer's charm, a tiny gold coin, by a visiting Persian prince, after performing for him in a London drawing room. Engraved on it were the words "Allah guide thy feet". In her words, "They were guided to the shores of Asia Minor in no uncertain



DE VALOIS – 'MADAM' TO HER CHARGES – FELT SHE WAS GUIDED BY DESTINY TO WORK IN ASIA MINOR. OPPOSITE: MERİÇ SÜMEN IN 'SWAN LAKE'. THE SUCCESS OF DAME NINETTE'S PRODUCTION IN ANKARA RUFFLED RUSSIAN FEATHERS

fashion some thirty-five years later."

It is unclear who actually decided she should be invited to Turkey. Turkish audiences had only seen occasional visiting ballet companies (the very earliest of these, courtesy of the Italian community in the sixteenth century, is briefly described in Metin And's *History of Theatre and Popular Entertainment in Turkey*, published in 1964), but professional dancing for entertainment, however disreputable it might seem as a career, was still an historic institution and hugely popular.

By the time Richard Glasstone arrived, the Turkish State Ballet, from its small beginnings, was clearly well on the way to becoming a proper

company. Glasstone himself was being handed an exceptional opportunity: born in the Belgian Congo, trained in South Africa and then in London, and having worked for two years in Holland, he did not have the profile to be taken on directly by the Royal Ballet. But by sending him to Turkey as her man, "Madam" gave him the chance to prove himself with a young and enthusiastic company at his disposal. Later, she would see about finding him a place in London. She had also clearly detected the need for a choreographer who was a teacher too – after four years in Ankara, Glasstone went on to work for seventeen years at the Royal Ballet School.

In those early days, only Dame Ninette could see off serious trouble. Her word was law. One of her great concerns was to ensure that the ballet did not play second fiddle to the opera. In London she had more or less succeeded in this. In Ankara, there were obstacles to overcome. The opera had been started well before the ballet; the music conservatoire was more established. Design, sets, wardrobe, lighting and stage management, all belonging to the opera, were run on German lines, and the approach could be less than flexible.

The designer Osman Şengezer began his career assisting the German stage designer, having done part of an architect's training. At one meeting about sets for de Valois' *The Rake's Progress* (*Hovardanın Sonu*), with at least fifteen people present, everyone was making excuses to her about how they could not produce the shades of "elephant" grey needed for Hogarth's seven great tableaux. A young voice, Şengezer's, was heard: "I can make it," he said, and he did. He was just 19.

He later remembers de Valois visiting him, somewhat dramatically,



DE VALOIS ACCEPTED THAT THERE WAS A POLITICAL DIMENSION
TO HER WORK... SHE WOULD JOKE ABOUT BEING A MATA HARI, BUT IN REALITY
SHE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED DIPLOMAT

one night at midnight, to tell him she was giving him a new ballet, *Sylvia*, to be choreographed by Richard Glasstone to music by Delibes. He was to design it entirely – stage sets, costumes, everything. Glasstone remembers how closely they worked together. Şengezer was only 21 when the ballet was performed, Glasstone not much older. “She was developing me as a choreographer and Osman as a designer,” Glasstone says of Dame Ninette. “Now he is the leading designer in Turkey.”

Osman Şengezer was one of many young, talented Turkish artists who were invited to London by de Valois. Somehow she found them scholarships and support, grants from the British Council. To Şengezer, the most extraordinary thing about her was how she understood the detail of what would make them a ballet company. She also understood their strengths, admiring the Turkish dancers’ natural, unforced sense of drama, without any affectation. She always felt the Turkish Ballet performed her *Rake* better than any other, and Turkish audiences responded to the story, despite its eighteenth-century English origins.

“She knew that we did not just need good dancers, choreographers and teachers. We must also have designers, even writers about ballet.” Osman was sent to London several times – to the ballet school at Baron’s Court, to the opera house at Covent Garden – so that he might understand every aspect of the process of making a ballet. “Not just the dancers were sent, but the wardrobe mistresses and the stage managers. We needed to make a ballet staff. They needed to learn how to make proper tutus, how to shape the men’s bodices.” De Valois firmly believed that the Turkish company must have all its own “stuff”, and know how to do everything for itself.

Glasstone describes how these visitors became something of a joke in

London – “Oh, Madam’s Turks” – partly, of course, because of jealousy. Madam appeared so much more relaxed and easy-going with her Turkish students, laughing and joking as she did with her family and, by extension, with Glasstone too. Turkish dancers were not known for their timekeeping, but unprecedented allowances were made. “She was very good to them; all the doors opened for them, there were free tickets to Covent Garden, she gave parties for them in her house.” Back in Ankara, an English dancer married to a Turkish singer was once two minutes late for rehearsal. The starchy voice rang out immediately: “Shirley! An English girl, late for rehearsal!”

De Valois’ ballet *Çeşmebaşı*, choreographed to Ferit Tüzün’s *Anatolian Suite* and first performed in 1965, was in some senses a teaching exercise, to show how Turkish themes and music might be used. Glasstone remembers de Valois going out researching with a pair of identical twins, dancers in the company, who were very interested in folk dance. The ballet, set around a Turkish village fountain, includes a dance for the traditional shadow puppets, Hacıvat and Karagöz.

“Of course,” he says, “it was not really what people wanted. They wanted *Swan Lake*, but she said this is what you should do.” Just as they must have their own trained wardrobe mistresses, they must learn to create their own national dance style.

This ballet, which de Valois later called “my bastard *Petroushka*”, was followed by *Sinfonietta*, to music by Nevit Kodallı, which was a “pure dance” work – another direction for indigenous talent – to be performed in a triple bill with Glasstone’s first work in his new residency, *Hançerli Hanım* (*Lady with the Dagger*). Set in old and new Istanbul, and drawn from Turkish folk tales, to a score by Bülent Tarkan, it is a tragic story of love in which a vision of the old city is conjured by an old storyteller spinning tales to

children in the street. This ballet also, Glasstone thinks, was not quite what was wanted from them – “but it was done partly to show how you went about making a ballet. Within two or three more seasons, young Turkish choreographers began to emerge, using Turkish themes and music very successfully – people like Oytun Turfanda, who was a young principal dancer when I was there.”

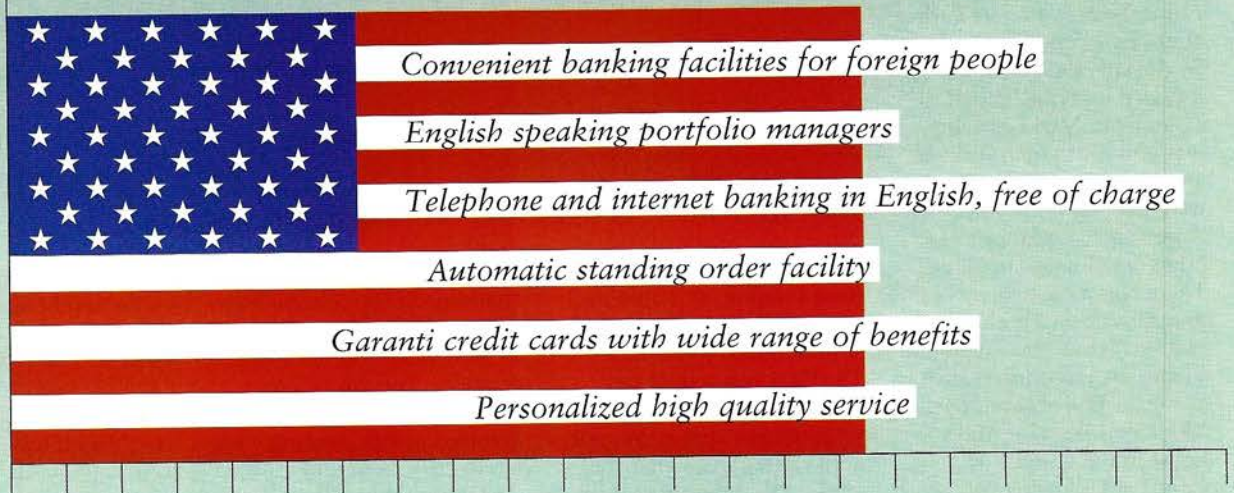
During Glasstone’s time in Ankara, Dame Ninette would visit two or three times a year, each time with her suitcases stuffed with tulle, pointe shoes and bodices, with only a tiny bag for her personal luggage. Once, everything was lost in transit except for her hand luggage. “Don’t worry,” she told Glasstone, “the important things are here.” She had one evening dress (which she wore for most of her visit); the vital costumes and shoes were there in her overnight bag. If there was a serious crisis, she would be out on the next plane.

De Valois also accepted that there was a political dimension to her work. After all, geographically it would have made much more sense for the Russians to be involved in Turkish ballet. She would joke about being a Mata Hari, but in reality she was an accomplished diplomat and ambassador. The last straw for the Russians was the first triumphant British staging of *Swan Lake*, that most Russian of ballets, by the Turkish State Ballet in 1966. After that, says Glasstone, there were no more parties at the Russian embassy for the British dance contingent.

Military service, which took the young male dancers just as they were coming into their prime, was another problem. De Valois, though, would never countenance asking for an exemption. It was a moral imperative with her, just as when the war broke out in 1939, British dancers like Michael Somes and Frederick Ashton, colleagues and friends, had all joined up. The one who didn’t go was

Chart # 21

Why do Americans in Turkey prefer Garanti Bank?



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Anthony Tudor, who spent the war in America. It was never said openly, but de Valois always objected to the fact that Tudor hadn't "done his duty", and would never have a Tudor ballet in her repertoire. The Turkish company got round the problem to an extent by having the boys stationed in Ankara; a few *Swan Lake* tickets for the general would ensure that the

dancers could still come and do class.

In the end, if there is a dance culture in Turkey, supporting no fewer than four state ballet companies – Ankara, Istanbul, Izmir and Mersin – and some twenty ballet schools, this is the woman who did it. Above all, her Turkish mission exposed the generosity of her own spirit. As Richard Glasstone pointed out to me,

while the Chinese were having the Cultural Revolution, Ninette de Valois was giving the best of British ballet to Turkey. And of course it meant everything to her that this new dance culture was the first in Europe to be founded not by the French or the Russians, with their 300-year tradition, but by the English, on foundations she had laid herself. ♦

Dame Ninette in Turkey By Bernard Burrows

When I arrived at the Ankara embassy in 1958, it was a pleasant surprise to find that a Turkish classical ballet was in the later stages of preparation and that regular visits by Dame Ninette could be expected.

Whoever prompted the initial impulse, the idea of creating a state ballet was part of a general upsurge of cultural innovation in Turkey after the Second World War. By the late 1950s the opera, founded with the help of exiles from Nazi Germany, was going strong in Ankara and Istanbul. The Kenters were playing *Look Back in Anger* and translations of other new European plays. There was an active musical programme too, both at the National Concert Hall and in smaller manifestations such as the delightful gatherings of Metin and Beatrice And's house at the bottom of Çankaya Hill, where classical record concerts were given once a week.

After de Valois' first visit in 1947, it was realised that nothing could be done without substantial preparation. Children entirely unacquainted with Western music and dance could not be expected, without the help of a thorough "conversion course", to aspire to the rigours of classical ballet. The first step, which was taken immediately, was to found a ballet school. English



FIRST STEPS: THE TURKISH BALLET'S ORIGINAL STUDENTS IN 1948

teachers were brought over from London, and after its first few years in Istanbul, the school moved to Ankara. The thoroughness of the preparation may be gauged from the fact that it was not until twelve years after the school's foundation that the first public performance took place.

Given Turkey's strong tradition of folk dancing, it might have been expected that a modern company could have been built on this. But, although some local material was introduced later, it was decided that the State Ballet must strictly follow the classical Russian tradition – which had been introduced to the West largely by Diaghilev's ballet, in which de Valois had herself participated.

Aside from the initial challenge of the cultural leap that students were expected to take, there was another problem. Turkish women had previously only been involved in folk dancing – for which they were fully clothed – or the entirely different belly dancing, in the cabarets of the cities. While folk dancing was decorous, though often playful, belly dancing was frankly sexual – entirely unsuitable for any nice young lady. Now, in the ballet, girls were going to be scantily clad and striking poses that might be seen as provocative. Not surprisingly, the middle classes were a little hesitant. And how would the boys, traditionally spoilt by their parents, take to being bossed about by a foreign lady? In

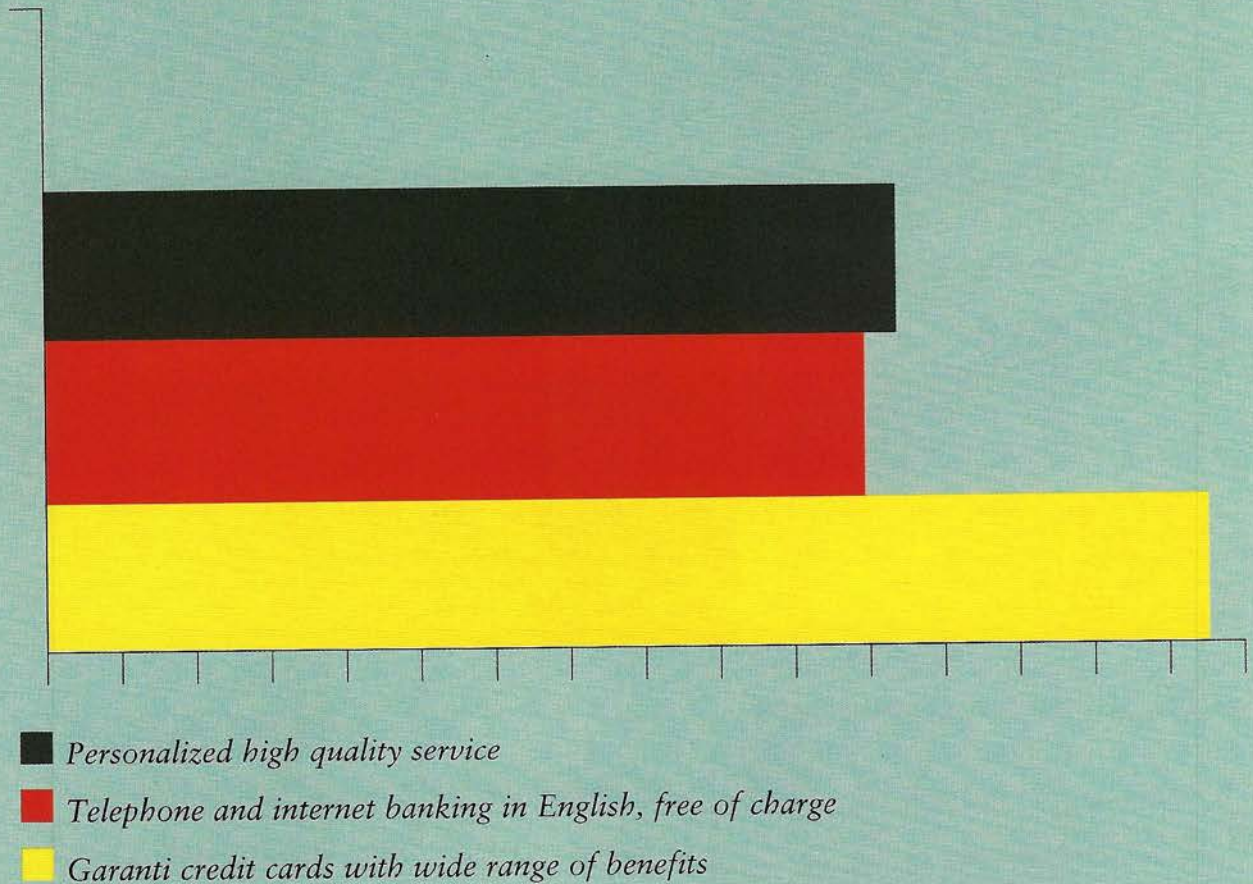
the end, the enthusiasm of de Valois and her helpers prevailed and a corps de ballet was established.

On her visits to Ankara, de Valois made the embassy her base, which was, of course, a recurring joy for us. My wife would sometimes go with her to rehearsals, and we were occasionally able to offer a word of comfort when the task ahead appeared more formidable than usual.

In the end, all problems were overcome and the triumphant first full-scale public performance – a production of *Coppélia* – was given at the Ankara Opera House in 1960. And thanks to a vital chemistry between Dame Ninette de Valois and the Turkish dancers, the Turkish State Ballet was born.

Chart # 8

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BOOKS

The book of delights

BY ALISTAIR McALPINE

Turkish Delights

By Philippa Scott

Thames & Hudson, £14.99

When the first travellers experienced the Turkish bath, they described Turkish towelling with enthusiasm. In Victorian Britain alone, 600 Turkish baths were built. This fact, however, demonstrates just two aspects of European enthusiasm for things Turkish. The tulip, coffee, the croissant, the sorbet, the sash, carpets, long-haired cats (now called Persian), all come from Turkey, along with angora (or Ankara) coats, the marbling of paper, shagreen, carpet patterns for tooled-leather book bindings. Our language adopted the use of Turkish words such as kiosk, ottoman, sofa, divan; and most carpets are called Turkish because they were traded there. All of this information is to be found in Philippa Scott's *Turkish Delights*, published by Thames & Hudson.

There seems to be no limit to the influence Turkey and the Ottoman Empire had on European taste. Benvenuto Cellini copied gold damascene; country houses all over Europe used Turkish designs in their

'SEATED SCRIBE', ATTRIBUTED TO GENTILE BELLINI - FROM PHILIPPA SCOTT'S NEW BOOK, 'TURKISH DELIGHTS'



ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

gardens; Turkish smoking rooms became a fashion. From tiles to wallpaper, from buildings to fabrics, Turkish taste was all the rage – and indeed it still is.

In a slim but easily written volume Philippa Scott chronicles all of this. Chapters on the turban, tulips, pomegranates, magic carpets, tents, pavilions, harems and hamams, coffee, tobacco, the fashion for Turkish dress and even the Orient Express: it is all here – approached with great charm, highly readable and beautifully illustrated.

This book is an exemplary guide to Turkish taste. The text moves at great pace, unencumbered by complex academic research; it fires facts at the reader with the speed of a machine-gun spitting out bullets. Smallpox inoculation originated in Turkey; Christopher Wren studied Turkish architecture before he designed the dome at St Paul's; Red Turkey was the most desirable dye, based on a secret derived from Anatolian madder. The Christmas turkey, with its red face, gets its name from this dye.

Never boring, always informative, this book trots out fact after fact. Turks of position had servants to look after their turbans. The introduction of the tulip to the West from Turkey set off the Dutch tulip fever – which is hardly surprising, considering the Turks were obsessed with these elegant flowers. So highly did they prize the tulip that single blooms would be displayed in elegant vases: no clustering in bunches or cluttering up with other species was tolerated. In the language of flowers, the gift of a tulip conveys "I am on fire from your beauty"; its black base conveying that the lover's heart is burnt to coal.

It is all here, in this short work – and not merely the aesthetic and historical importance of Turkish taste, but the romance, the magic, the pure beauty and, above all, the mystery of the "East".

For those who may never visit Turkey, this is a taste of that country's past, a canapé that delights but does not fill, leaving you only longing for more. For those who intend to visit Turkey, it is essential reading and will take about the length of your journey to read. As with all the best of this sort of book, it not only delights and informs, it also includes a useful directory of places where you can see Turkish delights in other parts of the world and buy some of them as well.

Building Byzantium

BY JOHN JULIUS NORWICH

Master Builders

of Byzantium

By Robert Ousterhout

Princeton University Press, £40

Few lovers of architecture would deny Hagia Sophia a place among the half-dozen greatest buildings in the world. For many people seeing it for the first time, however, the initial impression is one of disappointment; it strikes them as dingy and lifeless – and so indeed it is. Some of them, too, are mystified – even a little worried – by Islamic furnishings which survive from its nearly five centuries as a working mosque. But let them look a little longer; give them time to understand that astonishing enclosure of space, to appreciate the breathtaking audacity of the whole construction; remind them that the central dome, though almost exactly the same diameter as that of St Paul's in London, was constructed over a millennium before it, and that a dome in the shape of a shallow saucer constitutes infinitely more of a challenge than a hefty hemisphere; finally, explain that the whole building was completed in less than six years, between the spring of 532 and St Stephen's Day (December 26) 537, with little technical equipment

beyond blocks and tackles and simple iron tools – and gradually they realise they are standing inside a miracle.

Oddly enough, however, although the Byzantine Empire lasted over 900 years after the consecration of Hagia Sophia, no building on a similar scale was ever attempted again. It seems that, after the final condemnation of iconoclasm in 843, large public basilicas, probably under episcopal jurisdiction and designed for great processional ceremonies, lost their appeal; the trend was towards smaller, more private foundations, which in turn called for compact, centralised, almost personal churches, often with private chapels attached. These are the typical Byzantine churches from the ninth century onward; and it is they that form the subject of this remarkable and courageous book.

Courageous, because although innumerable volumes have been written on Byzantine architecture from the stylistic angle, this is the first to my knowledge that tackles the subject from the point of view of the builders themselves. And this is no easy task. For one thing, of all the Byzantine churches built in Constantinople, less than ten per cent now survive; and many of those have undergone extensive restoration, often more than once – the Emperor Basil I alone restored, in the course of his reign (867–886), no fewer than thirty-one churches in and around the capital. For another, very few of the architects involved are even identifiable. To be sure, we know the names of the two geniuses who designed Hagia Sophia – Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus – but in later centuries architects seem to have lost standing.

Churches are almost invariably attributed to emperors or rich patrons, rather than to those who actually did the job.

In any case there is little documentary evidence, since the Byzantines of this period

had no interest in geometry or the physical sciences and most projects seem to have been undertaken without preliminary drawings. The outline of a building would be first marked out roughly on the ground with stones or chalk, then laid out more precisely with a calibrated rope. Without more ado, work would begin. Design and construction would progress simultaneously, the master mason very likely being his own architect and nobody knowing exactly what a building would look like until it was finished.

Professor Ousterhout has therefore had virtually no evidence to help him but that of the surviving buildings themselves, together with a number of fascinating contemporary illustrations – most of them reproduced in monochrome in the book – in mosaic, fresco or manuscript illumination. Those buildings, however, and those illustrations have taught him much.

He has looked carefully into the principal materials used – brick, stone and marble. It was a surprise to me to learn that after the seventh century the quarrying of marble virtually stopped, and that in all later instances of marble revetment of inner walls – in the Church of the Chora, for example – the marble has in fact been recycled. On construction methods, too, he has much of interest to tell us – on putlog holes, for example, those square apertures which so often appear in rows along walls and were used not, as I have heard suggested, for the convenience of pigeons but as supports for builders' platforms on the scaffolding.

Then there is the question of interior decoration. Ousterhout emphasises that a Byzantine church was not considered complete until its surfaces were properly embellished – in mosaic if it could be afforded, otherwise in fresco, or sometimes (as with the Chora) in both. The iconographical

disposition of the subjects was rigidly prescribed and strictly observed. Christ Pantocrator – the Ruler of all – would gaze (or, at Daphni, glower) down from the central dome, with angels or prophets lining the drum below him. The Virgin, usually with Child, would occupy the next most exalted position, the conch of the apse. The four pendentives would house the Evangelists. Then, along the upper walls of the naos, would come scenes from the lives of Christ and of the Virgin, with others from the Old Testament if space allowed. Finally, in the lowest zone of all, would be the Choir of the Saints: the Early Fathers in the apse, the martyrs in the centre, holy monks at the western end with, in all probability, the Dormition of the Virgin – the *Koimesis* – in the centre of the west wall. In the narthex and exonarthex, if they existed, there was rather more leeway. The Creation and the Flood were popular subjects, and at the Church of the Chora, we have the Presentation of his Church by Theodore Metochitis, as well as a quite disproportionately large *Deesis*. (The ultimate masterpiece here, however, is paradoxically in the least important part of the building: the parecclesion, or outer aisle, running along the south side, where the fresco depicting the *Anastasis* – the Harrowing of Hell – is for me the greatest picture in Christian art.)

If you have little familiarity with, or interest in, the Byzantine world, this book is not for you. It presupposes a certain knowledge, and at least a passing acquaintance with the principal churches – not only those in the capital but also Hosios Loukas, those of Mount Athos and a number of others. But it is elegantly written and – apart from the absence of colour – is beautifully produced, with admirable photographs or diagrams on almost every page. It has taught me a lot, and I shall treasure it.

Pots of history

By JULIAN THOMPSON

Blue and White: Chinese Porcelain Around the World

By John Carswell

British Museum, £40

John Carswell's *Blue and White* is a very different book from any written hitherto on this popular subject. His treatment is eclectic and all the better for it. There is much new

to the production, development and influence of Chinese blue and white made for use outside China in the Yuan and Ming dynasties. Only passing mention is made of the later export trade in the Qing dynasty. Blue and white made for imperial use is specifically excluded, though essential evidence from the Zhushan kiln-site at Jingdezhen is cited in the discussion of Islamic shapes. There is, however, a useful chapter on copper-red decorated porcelain and on the celadon wares exported in far

of the Red Sea, the first certain evidence of the maritime transport of highest-quality blue and white at this period. It is hoped further porcelain can eventually be retrieved from this site. These sherds are described and illustrated in detail in a section on porcelain recovered from shipwrecks, and their patterns compared to those on pieces in the Topkapı Palace and from the Ardebil Shrine, now in Tehran. The book would be an obvious addition to a Chinese art library for this section alone.

The Sinan wreck off the southwest coast of Korea, containing an extraordinary group of fine celadons intended for the Japanese market datable to 1423, is well known. Less familiar is a wreck of similar date, also containing celadons, near Trincomalee, Sri Lanka. Carswell describes two tantalising fragments which appear to be contemporary blue and white. Unfortunately the political situation makes further investigation of the site unlikely for the present, but it is just this kind of information which keeps the subject alive.

Carswell is particularly persuasive on the influence of Chinese designs on local manufacture of ceramics in a number of centres in the Middle East. Examples of Syrian blue and white are illustrated, as well as Timurid copies of early fifteenth-century Chinese designs from Samarkand. Perhaps most striking are the Turkish Iznik examples, such as a polychrome dish decorated with a chained leopard, convincingly traced to the design of a fabulous animal on a dish now in the Musée Adrien Dubouché in Limoges. The influence is not one-way. Islamic shapes were adopted in China, and though examples are to be found in Topkapı and Ardebil, larger numbers are in the imperial collections in Beijing and Taipei. These alien forms were embraced by the Chinese court, alongside decorative motifs that were passed in both directions.



DETAIL OF GIOVANNI BELLINI'S 'FEAST OF THE GODS' – FROM JOHN CARSWELL'S 'BLUE AND WHITE'. THE CHINESE BOWLS WERE PROBABLY BOUGHT BY THE ARTIST'S FATHER, GENTILE BELLINI, WHEN HE WENT TO ISTANBUL TO PAINT THE SULTAN

material of importance to scholars and Carswell's approach relies on his own strengths: the eye of an artist applied to the analysis of designs, their development and adaptation; personal experience of the sites which provide the sherd material from which trade routes can be tracked, and of handling the surviving material; and knowledge of the world's trade routes from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries and the contemporary history of the Islamic world.

Carswell's subject is limited

greater quantities than blue and white in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The early chapters comprehensively cover the two most creative periods in the production of early blue and white: towards the end of the Yuan dynasty in the mid-fourteenth century, and the Ming dynasty reigns of the Yongle and Xuande emperors in the early fifteenth century. The most intriguing new Yuan material is included here – a group of blue and white sherds recently recovered from the bed

Sixteenth-century trade with China became dominated by the Portuguese, followed by the Spanish, who opened the sea route across the Pacific from Manila to Acapulco. Carswell devotes a chapter to this first involvement of Europeans in trade with China, discussing Western reaction to this extraordinary new material – so much more attractive and durable than any ceramics then known – and to the subsequent formation of collections of blue and white by the rich and powerful.

The book is well produced, with lavish illustrations. The editors have, however, allowed the Yellow River to flow westwards towards the Pacific on page 71, and have chosen a miserably restored and rather dull Yuan blue and white ewer as the frontispiece, as well as a downbeat Yuan dish to fill up the half-title page.

The book's title, too, is open to criticism, following a trend among publishers for titles claiming greater scope than the text delivers – particularly irritating for internet buyers, who purchase without the chance to browse first. None the less, this refreshingly individual and entertaining book is highly recommended to any student of ceramics, Chinese or Middle Eastern, or of the history of world trade.

Future imperfect?

By DAVID BARCHARD

*Turkish Foreign Policy
1774-2000*

By William Hale, Cass, £35

*The European Union
and Cyprus*

By Christopher Brewin

Eothen Press, hardback
£29.95, paperback £19.50

Next time Turkey's politicians come to debate ministerial budgets and national priorities, they might pause and reflect on

one sentence which comes early on in William Hale's magisterial survey of Turkish foreign policy over the past two and a quarter centuries. "Careful diplomacy was the key to Ottoman survival," he writes.

At the end of the eighteenth century, the Ottoman Empire covered a huge area but lacked the power to control it effectively or to protect it against external enemies. So was born the "Eastern Question", which was essentially the question of when and how Turkey was to be partitioned.

Though it was military power – the Turkish War of Independence from 1919 to 1923 – which finally removed the spectre of partition, it was thanks to the time bought for it by its diplomats that the Ottoman Empire was able to reorganise and strengthen itself in the nineteenth century. A little-recognised turning point in Turkish history is thus the years between 1793 and 1796, when Selim III set up embassies in London, Vienna, Berlin and Paris. By the first decade of the nineteenth century, Istanbul had become a hub of diplomacy.

International affairs are too often written about as if they were an abstract chess game which can be insulated from the rest of history and society. It is the great strength of Dr Hale's almost breathtakingly wide-ranging book that at every stage foreign policy is firmly placed in the context of Turkish politics and society.

Though the bulk of his book is in fact about Turkish foreign policy in the period since 1974 and the Cyprus operation, his first two chapters can be recommended to anyone wanting to read a lively, authoritative and thought-provoking account of the last two centuries of the Ottoman Empire and the formative years of the republic. Turkish foreign-policy makers, Hale argues, continued to exploit the balance of power in

Europe, just as their Ottoman predecessors did. The main difference was that the new Turkish state was far more homogeneous internally than the empire had been, and its rulers were pursuing limited and attainable goals.

Even some of the reverses of the early republic – for example the loss of Mosul to Iraq in 1925 – reflect a realistic recognition of the limitations of what the country could attain. Possession of Mosul, Hale believes, might have brought control over the oilfields, but would have meant permanent tensions with Iraq and its then backers, the British, as well as making the new republic a far less homogeneous entity.

More than most previous writers, Hale recognises that Turkish foreign policy reflects to a substantial degree the legacy of massacres and expulsions of Ottoman Muslim communities in the provinces and countries on the empire's periphery. Between 1827 and 1922, he writes, "around five million Muslims in Greece, the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the Balkans were killed, while about another 5.4 million were expelled and took refuge in the Ottoman Empire". The ghosts of that terrible era still exert a strong influence on the course of events in Cyprus, the Caucasus (where about a million Azeri Muslims have been made homeless by Armenian insurgents in Nagorno Karabagh over the past decade) and the Balkans, and there is lingering mistrust of the Western European powers who effectively instigated this process.

However, beyond survival, one of the main aims of both Turkish nationalism and Turkish foreign policy has always been economic development. Hale is particularly effective in exposing the economic dimension of foreign policy, notably in recent decades. He is full of detail but tactful in his

judgments about the complex and mutually frustrating relations between Turkey and the EU in the 1990s. Turkey, in his view, initially underestimated the obstacles to full accession; was too inflexible in diplomacy towards Greece; and misjudged human-rights criticisms as intrusions into its internal affairs.

Europe, on the other hand, heightened Turkey's sense of alienation, for example in March 1997, when Helmut Kohl, then German chancellor, and Wilfried Martens, former Belgian prime minister, issued a joint declaration that "the European Union is a civilisation project and within this civilisation project, Turkey has no place," a declaration which sounds perilously close to racism but in any case undermined EU-Turkish working relations.

Despite this, Hale's vast and teeming panorama never lapses into pessimism, even over intractable disagreements such as those surrounding Cyprus. This book is virtually certain to be the standard work on Turkish foreign policy for many years. It would be a bold writer who would attempt to match Hale's virtuoso mastery of so many different disciplines and such widely scattered topics.

It is hard, however, not to look at events in the eastern Mediterranean, and especially Cyprus, and not feel pessimistic. The picture Hale gives speaks for itself, but one can draw more gloomy conclusions than he does. About thirty years ago, Greece and Turkey were still partners, operating side by side in a balanced international political and strategic environment. Since then, Turkey has grown in population and developed a large industrial economy. Greece has remained a small power politically and economically, but has used integration with Europe as a weapon to isolate and even ostracise Turkey. In every



Antalya?

single gathering and council across the entire continent of Europe, even trivial ones, on which Turks and Greeks sit, the Turkish contingent has to reckon with these pressures for exclusion.

The rest of Europe has not been very interested in this fact, even though it has opened a growing rift with Turkey and helped the rise of inward-looking forces in Turkey's politics.

The story is by no means over. In 1995, the EU agreed to start negotiations with the Greek Cypriots for accession, and by 2005, at the latest, we can expect the 600,000 Greek Cypriots to join the EU, giving the Greeks two seats on all EU councils.

The consequences that will flow from this are immense. The EU will have become a party to the Greek side in the Cyprus dispute, something which it never intended to do and which is clearly not in the interests of countries such as Britain, France or Germany. There will be a strong risk that it will sooner or later, through the new Rapid Reaction Force, become embroiled in the military side of the confrontation on the island.

Turkey's prospects of EU membership may well be dashed for ever if negotiations have not yet been opened for membership. Until those negotiations get started – and most EU observers would not expect them before 2007 – Turkey's eventual membership is not guaranteed. It is rather more than an odds-on bet that the Greek Cypriots will use their membership to block any chance of negotiations and thus the ultimate prospect of Turkish accession.

Dr Christopher Brewin of Keele University knows both the Greek and Turkish sides on Cyprus. His book *The European Union and Cyprus* is a scrupulously fair account of the situation. Most Brussels-based observers regard Cyprus and southeastern Europe in

general as hugely unimportant. Not so Brewin. He thinks we may be living at a critical turning point for Europe. "A multi-cultural Europe including Turkey and a reunited Cyprus would be very different from the likely alternative of an anti-Islamic, anti-Orthodox and possibly anti-American Europe defined by a continued frontier in Cyprus and between Greece and Turkey," Brewin argues. He believes the EU should seek a realistic settlement in Cyprus and avoid growing conflict with Turkey.

He is almost certainly right, but there seem to be an awful lot of circumstances conspiring to make matters worse and thwart this approach. It is strange to look back at the early nineteenth century and the infinitely bleaker international environment in which the Turkish diplomats of Hale's book operated and achieved many of their goals. Why can their achievements not be replicated today? Well, one reason is that Europe is, diplomatically, united. There is no balance of power to exploit. But the price of union in the west seems to be the deepening of splits – some might call them wounds – in the life of the east of the continent. This cannot be to anyone's real advantage.

View from Olympus

By ALI ERGINSOY

The Other Side of the Mountain
By Erendiz Atasü
Milet Publishing
London, £7.99

Of the many spectres that haunt *The Other Side of the Mountain*, Virginia Woolf's is perhaps the strangest. The heroine of Atasü's novel, Vicdan, and her friend and alter ego, Nefise, are sent by

the fledgling republic to Cambridge in the late 1920s, to become the shock troops of the new education system. Here they fall under the spell of the English countryside and "the great English authoress". A more dissonant pairing than Virginia and Vicdan would be hard to imagine – the snobbish, sexually ambiguous world of Bloomsbury a million miles from the emotional and social milieu – egalitarian and ascetic – inhabited by this flower of Turkish youth.

Vicdan and Nefise may be thoroughly modern, but this is modernism *à la turque*. Nefise refuses Ted's offer of marriage because he is an officer in the army of an empire, and she is a republican. Vicdan's heart beats only at the prospect of teaching a new generation of educators in the grim towns of the Anatolian steppe.

The republic's fall from this state of grace is embodied in Vicdan's brothers: Reha, the hopeless romantic, haunted by the slaughter he takes part in during the Kurdish uprising of the Thirties in Dersim; Burhan, his early idealism corrupted in the pursuit of money and political influence; Cumhur, who loses his leg and his illusions about the army in the Korean War.

Throughout this journey, only Vicdan keeps the faith. In the central episode, Vicdan and her brothers climb Uludağ (Mount Olympus, as Atasü helpfully reminds us), from whose summit she surveys the Anatolian landscape with the same clarity of vision she imparts to her hero, Mustafa Kemal.

It is an achievement to have written such a panegyric portrayal of the founder of modern Turkey without cloying references to The Great Leader and Our Father that we Turks are inclined to. Atasü's Atatürk is a deity, make no mistake (even Vicdan's Cambridge landlady falls into Christ-like rapture gazing at his photograph), but more demigod than Olympian, with all the human frailty implicit in a body

ravaged by cirrhosis. Vicdan's meeting with her hero crackles with (unconsummated) sexual tension, but it is his spirit she is after, a spirit she is convinced is not merely of its time, but, like those of Atasü's other modernist icons, Nazım Hikmet and Virginia Woolf... well... modern.

And this, ultimately, is where *The Other Side of the Mountain* disappoints. It is hopelessly stuck in a time warp: in its stubborn denial of any continuity of history between the Ottoman Empire and the republic; in its portrayal of the outside world, especially Europe, as bent on dismembering Turkey; of any expression of regional or ethnic identity as racism... All the obsessions, in short, of the republican intelligentsia that to this day conspire to make Turkey seem, at times, like a 1930s theme park. Virginia Woolf I can handle, but this vision I find not a little scary.

Walk this Way

By ANDREW FINKEL

The Lycian Way

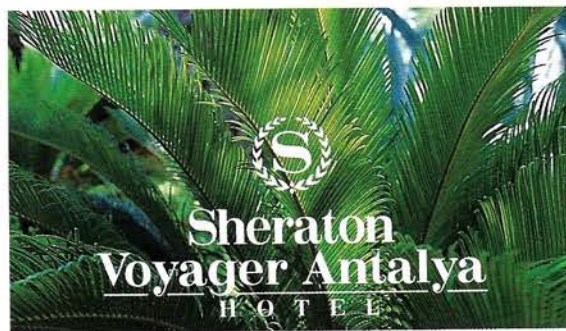
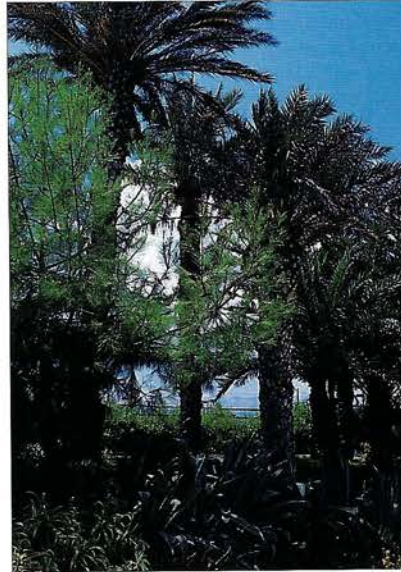
By Kate Clow

With photographs

by Terry Richardson

Upcountry (Turkey), £12.99

It would take several weeks and a Primus stove to review properly *The Lycian Way* – a guide by walker extraordinaire, Kate Clow. This seemingly thin volume is the tip of a tremendous accomplishment, namely to document a 480km route from Ölü Deniz, outside Fethiye in the western Mediterranean, all the way to Hisar Candir, below Antalya. The route follows ancient footpaths, bits of Roman road and freshly laid mule tracks; the terrain is littered with past civilisations. But the Lycian Way is in a sense Clow's own invention. She has not only signposted it metaphorically



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but gone out with a paintbrush to waymark a route for those who want to explore one of Turkey's most exciting and historically significant landscapes on foot.

The project resulted from a nationwide conservation competition. Clow came up with the prizewinning idea of encouraging environmentally friendly tourists, who would get out of their coaches and support a rural economy. This, by extension, would help to sustain those villagers who are the natural guardians of a countryside threatened in turns by crass development and underemployment.

Clow was inspired by the Grandes Randonnées in France, a network of well-marked routes and way-stations all with their official guides and ordnance survey maps. *The Lycian Way* is the first such route in Turkey and hopefully the progenitor of imitations elsewhere.

This reviewer can take a half-ounce of credit for having celebrated Clow's victory both in the pages of this magazine (to which she is a contributor) and in the London press. I have also followed vicariously her

obstinate progress in turning other people's promises of support into deeds. No doubt a much thicker book could have been written on the subject of getting the Way built, and in particular producing a set of maps detailed enough to satisfy the needs of walkers but not too detailed to contravene a set of foolish laws. Though we live in an age of satellite imaging and pocket GSMs that can read out co-ordinates anywhere in the world, it is still forbidden to publish maps on the 1:7500 scale that would be of use to rambles. Even 1:25000 contour maps are "top secret", though copies turn up here and there. It is all the more ridiculous because any hostile power can access IKONOS satellite images on the internet – provided they have a nine-year-old telling them how. The very rules designed to protect the country are destroying the countryside, by making it hard for those who care about the rural environment to move about.

Clow does provide sketch maps divided into 14 sections, with details of water sources and classical sites, as well as elevations, along the way.

Even without the maps, one feels one could follow her succinct descriptions for getting from pillar to post and back to pillar again: "Head for red-roofed house on the landward side of the small wooded hill," she tells us typically. Each segment of the way gives you an estimate of how long it will take, whether it's a gentle stroll or a serious scramble, and what antiquities you will see along the way. She has us on our guard to spot more, not only rocks and flora but the human fauna as well: keep an eye peeled for Mustafa, the son of the lighthouse keeper, who "knows all about bird migration, the stars, and the weather". Clow anticipates our needs – "If you are dying for a beer or need supplies, head for Göynük" – and reminds us we are not the first to make the trip ("In 42BC Brutus sent Lentulus Spinther, his lieutenant, to collect funds").

We are advised to travel light, and Clow takes her own advice by always being to the point. This does not stop her suggesting what to wear, how to deal with village dogs or pidgin Turkish, and how to

look after our feet. There is lots of history, too. But she might have allowed herself just a few paragraphs more to give an overview of the route and its inception.

Clow recognises that most people will not be walking anything like the whole Way, and the book is fully serviceable for those staying in one location and planning just an afternoon stroll.

Lycia was one of the earliest Mediterranean civilisations, whose people were absorbed rather than conquered by Greek, Persian and Roman empires. Only now is the population at the level it was at the height of its prosperity, Clow tells us. "It is possible to argue that, for some, the standard of living has not yet obtained that level."

Clow's feel for the place and the people she writes about is as great as her concern for the visitor. This is not just a guide book, but an understated manifesto for a better sort of tourism. There is plain speaking on every page and plenty of commitment. Other writers share their insights. And Clow even lists her own phone number. ♦

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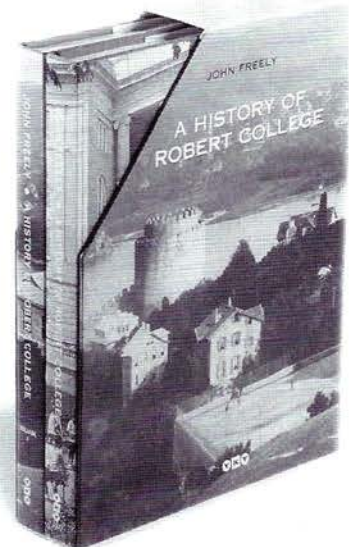
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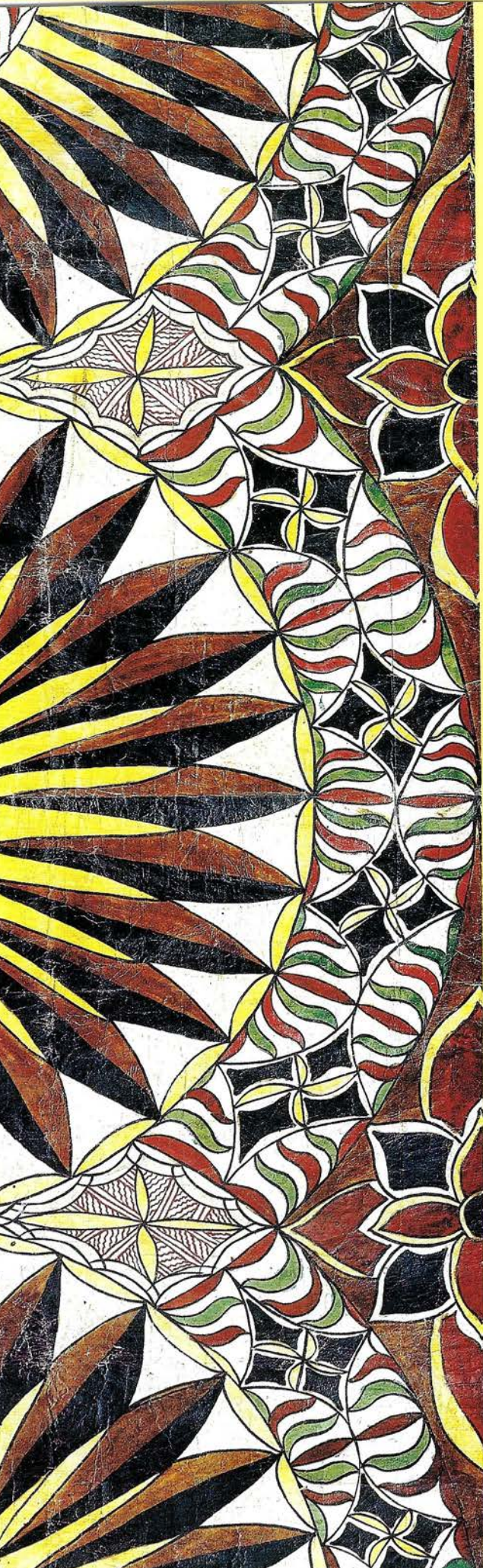
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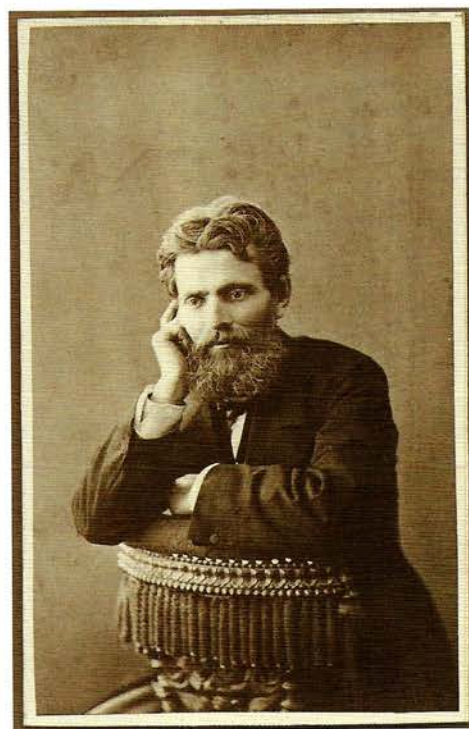
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SHOTS OF EMPIRE

THE LENS OF VASSILAKI KARGOPOULO
CREATED A UNIQUE RECORD OF THE OTTOMAN
EMPIRE IN ITS LAST YEARS OF GLORY.
PHILIP MANSEL LEAFS THROUGH THE POIGNANT
ALBUM OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER



VASSILAKI (OR BASILE) EFENDI KARGOPOULO (1826–1886).
THE OTTOMAN GREEK PHOTOGRAPHER IS THE SUBJECT OF A
LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED NEW BOOK ON HIS LIFE AND WORK.

LEFT: THE OTTOMAN FLEET ASSEMBLED BEFORE
BÜYÜKDERE, ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE BOSPHORUS



From the time of its invention, photography had a particular appeal for royalty: dynasties found it a new and unusually effective weapon in their constant efforts – as old as monarchy itself – to propagate their own image. For the dynasties of the Middle East, photography had the added advantage of propagating an image of dignified modernity. It could also help them see what distant, unvisited corners of their domains looked like.

In the autumn of 1839, only a few months after the first public demonstration of the new art form in Paris, French photographers gave Kavalalı Mehmed Ali Pasha a private view in Alexandria. Within a



HIS POSITION AT COURT GAVE KARGOPOULO UNRIVALLED ACCESS TO THE PALACE. ABOVE, A BREATHTAKINGLY CANDID PORTRAIT OF SULTAN ABDÜLAZİZ (1861–1876) AND, ABOVE LEFT, TWO OF HIS CHILDREN, PRINCESS NAZİME AND PRINCE ABDÜLMECİD, IN 1879. BOTH DIED IN EXILE IN THE 1940S

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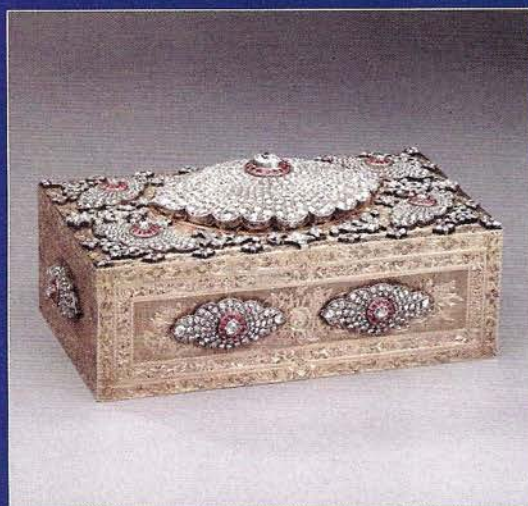
Illustrated clockwise from top left:

A large Kuthaya Pottery Dish, Turkey, first half of 18th Century. Estimate £5,000 - £7,000.

A fine Kutahya pottery covered Bowl, Turkey, first half of 18th Century. Provenance: Adda Collection. Estimate £6,000 - £8,000.

An important Iznik figural pottery Tile, Turkey, second half of 16th Century. Estimate £30,000 - £50,000

A magnificent Ottoman diamond and ruby-set gold Box, Turkey, 19th Century. Estimate £70,000 - £90,000.



short while, professional photographers had established studios in Cairo and Constantinople, and the Ottoman Sultans and Caliphs of all the Muslims were employing their own court photographers, just like their fellow-monarchs in Western Europe.

Bahattin Öztuncay's new book, *Vassilaki Kargopoulo: Photographer to His Majesty the Sultan*, is devoted to one such photographer, an Ottoman Greek who opened a studio in Beyoğlu, near the Russian embassy, in 1850.

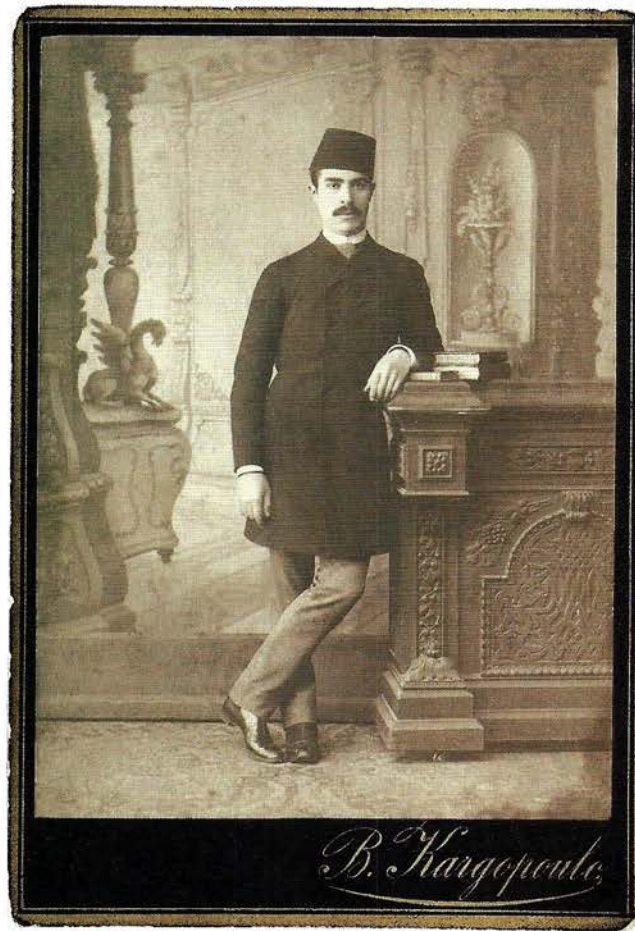
Many Greeks were employed in the service of Sultan Abdülhamid II: for example, his doctor, Spiridion Mavroyennis, and his foreign minister, Alexander Karatheodory. In 1879 Vassilaki (or Basile) Kargopoulo was appointed *Photographe de Sa Majesté Impériale le Sultan*, with the right to display the Sultan's *tugra*, or monogram, on his business card.

Over the next few years he created a unique visual record of the Ottoman Empire in its last years of glory. His subjects included Gazi Osman Pasha, defender of Plevna against the Russians in 1877; princes (including the future sultans Mehmed V and VI, as beardless young men); princesses; *mevlevi* and Bektashi sheikhs; the Bulgarian Exarch and the Orthodox Patriarch; street sellers; palace interiors and views of the Bosphorus, including what would appear to be the entire Ottoman fleet, moored off Büyükdere. Unlike his predecessors and successors, however, Abdülhamid II, for reasons best known to himself, was not photographed. He may have considered it inappropriate for the Caliph.

When Kargopoulo died of a heart attack, two months after receiving a gold medal for fine arts on January 29, 1886, he was succeeded as court

photographer by his son, Konstantin Kargopoulo. In the mysterious ways of the Yıldız Palace, however, Konstantin lost the job in 1888. In 1895 the studio in Beyoğlu was closed and the family went to live in Aydın.

Bahattin Öztuncay is an expert on nineteenth-century photography in the Ottoman Empire who has already written on two even earlier photographers of Constantinople from the 1850s: James Robertson and Ernest de Caranza. His latest work contains not only 259 old photographs but also a detailed discussion of the technical processes of photography as practised in Constantinople. It will delight all those who feel the wistful charm of the Ottoman Empire in the age of the fez and the stamboulina. ♦



LEFT: Languid portrait of an Istanbul gentleman in a stamboulina frock coat taken in the Kargopoulo studio in Beyoğlu.

BELOW: THE CROWN PRINCE SELIM, SON OF SULTAN ABDÜLHAMID II, IN 1886. VISITING DIGNITARIES ALSO SAT FOR KARGOPOULO AND HIS SON, INCLUDING THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AND, BOTTOM, PRINCE HEINRICH VON REUSS



'Vassilaki Kargopoulo: Photographer to His Majesty the Sultan' by Bahattin Öztuncay with a preface by Ömer Koç (printed by Mas Matbaacılık and published by BOS, Istanbul, rrp £60), is offered to Cornucopia subscribers at £55 incl postage worldwide.

Philip Mansel is the author of 'Constantinople: City of the World's Desire 1453-1924' (John Murray £25; Penguin £9.99) and 'Sultans in Splendour: Monarchs of the Middle East 1869-1945' (Parkway £13.99). His book 'Paris Between Empires: 1814-1852' is published by John Murray in June

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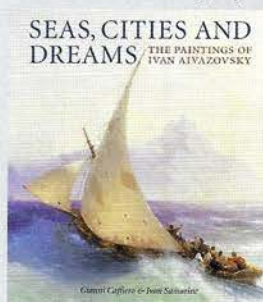
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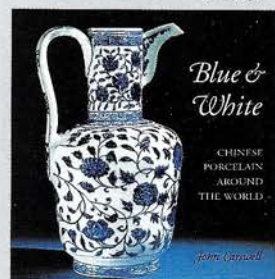
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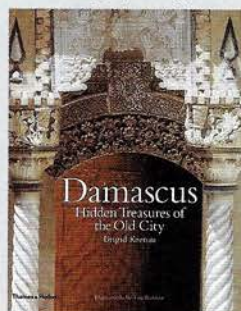
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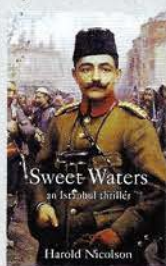
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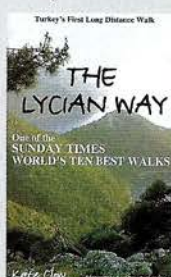
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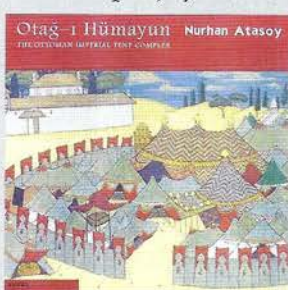
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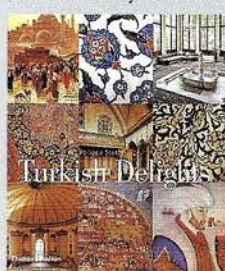
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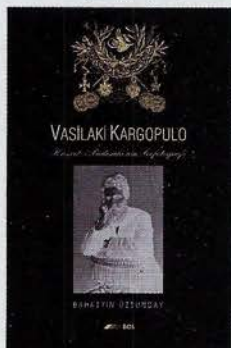
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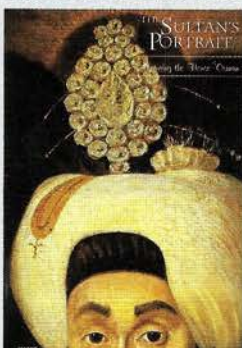
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Love at first sight

GEOFFREY LEWIS, ACKNOWLEDGED AS THE DEAN OF TURKISH STUDIES IN BRITAIN AND BEYOND, LEARNED THE LANGUAGE WHILE SERVING IN THE RAF IN EGYPT. WHEN HE FINALLY VISITED TURKEY, HE WAS SMITTEN FOR GOOD.
BY ANDREW MANGO. PORTRAIT BY CHARLES HOPKINSON

Quiet flows the quintessential Oxford don: burly, benign and thinking his scholarly thoughts. The thoughts centre on Turkey, as they have for more than half a century. And the thoughts give rise to books. At eighty, Professor Geoffrey Lewis has published yet another contribution to the study of Turkish, scholarly as ever, more amusing than ever. It is an account of the Turkish language reform, the development of "pure Turkish", shorn of Arabic and Persian loan words. Its subtitle is *A Catastrophic Success* (OUP 1999).

As a conservative linguist, he cannot help regretting the passing of the rich Ottoman language current at the beginning of the twentieth century. But time marches on, and Lewis now scans the internet for news of his beloved Turkey, a "country beautiful beyond all description", as he called it in his *Modern Turkey*, which went through four editions between 1955 and 1974. Using modern technology as an aid to Turkish studies came naturally to him: his interest in the history of science comes second only to his love of all things Turkish.

Friends of Turkey come in all shapes and sizes and from many different backgrounds. But most of them have one thing in common: they grew to like the country when they lived in it. Some then learned the language, others never managed it. Lewis is an exception. He came to Turkey via the language, and he first



LEWIS LOOKS THE PICTURE OF THE RELAXED DON
WHO TAKES TO HEART THE TURKISH WARNING THAT THE DEVIL TAKES
A HAND IN A HURRIED JOB

learned it in Egypt, while serving with the Royal Air Force in the war. Why did this young student of classics from Oxford choose Turkish? Was it the fascination of agglutination? Whatever the reason, the choice was serendipitous. Raphaela (Raff) provided her absent serviceman husband with Turkish translations of English classics which she found in the Charing Cross Road; Lewis found an old Turkish gentleman in Egypt with whom he could practise the spoken language, which could only have been good old-fashioned Ottoman. Friendship and the study of Turkish went hand in hand.

Turkey had to wait. After the war, Lewis returned to Oxford to collect his MA in classics. Shocking his Greek tutor with the statement that he intended to switch to Turkish, Lewis was sent for advice to HAR Gibb, who, as Laudian professor of Arabic, ruled oriental studies in Oxford. Naturally, Gibb insisted that the study should begin with Arabic and Persian – sound advice for students of Ottoman, but today tantamount to telling a Turk that he would have to master Latin and Greek before learning English.

Lewis did not demur and took the classical Orientalist road, or rather sped along it. In 1947, after only two years of study, he gained a First in Arabic and Persian, the first to do so since Anthony Eden. That First earned a scholarship which allowed Lewis to spend six months in Turkey. It was love at first sight. Three years later, he acquired his DPhil with a thesis on mediaeval Islamic philosophy (published as *Plotiniana Arabica* in 1959).

It was thus with solid scholarly credentials that he took up his first university appointment as lecturer in Arabic and Turkish. Turkish predominated.

Lewis went to Turkey repeatedly. He travelled in a four-wheel-drive vehicle on bad roads to towns which had no hotels in the modern sense of the word. He took Raff and their young children with him. Everywhere he met with a friendly reception. Turkey was opening up to the West after the years of isolation imposed by the Second World War.

Lewis wanted to share the pleasure he felt at getting to know a people “friendly and decent...trying, like the rest of us, to make an honest living in this troubled and confusing world.” His *Modern Turkey* was the result. It packed history, politics, facts and figures into a readable, accurate introduction to the country. His *Teach Yourself Turkish*, first published by the English Universities Press in 1953 (and revised in 1988), could be considered a companion work.

With these two deservedly popular books, Lewis did more than anyone else to bring Turks and their language to the attention of the English-speaking world. He introduced Turkey to a whole generation of readers before the advent of mass tourism, the increase in commercial relations, the growth of Turkish communities in Europe and of the Western expatriate community in Istanbul. There are many channels of communication today. He was a pioneer when there were few.

Lewis looks the picture of the relaxed don who takes to heart the Turkish warning “*acele işe şeytan karışır*” – the devil takes a hand in a hurried

job. But the appearance is misleading. Few people have worked harder to bring Turkey to the West and the West to Turkey. He devised and taught a programme on Western civilisation at Bosphorus University (which rewarded him with an honorary doctorate); he served on the Anglo-Turkish Cultural Commission; he advised British diplomats in Ankara and Turkish diplomats in London (and was decorated by both governments); he broadcast on Turkey on the BBC (where I first met him); he encouraged, entertained and guided British students of Turkish and Turkish students in Britain.

In all this work, he was supported by Raff, whose own academic specialisation was in French, but who shared Lewis's interests with an enthusiasm proved by her *Everyday Life in Ottoman Turkey*. Published in 1971, Raff's book is unsurpassed to this day as a rich evocation of a past in which Turks are becoming increasingly interested as they explore their roots.

In Lewis's life, the populariser coexisted with the scholar. His *Turkish Grammar*, published by OUP in 1967 (a revised second edition is about to appear), is not just the standard manual, it is the only comprehensive English-language academic description of modern Turkish. It makes no concessions to the grammatical ignorance of the younger generation. Ablatives and apodosis, asyndetic subordination and predicative genitive, deverbal substantives and inferential constructions – terms that my computer underlines in red to show that they are absent from its limited modern vocabulary – have to be learned and understood

before Lewis's grammar yields its secrets. Then there are Lewis's own coinages – the *başbozuk* (irregular warrior) or the Janus construction – amusing descriptive terms to be understood first, savoured afterwards.

Nor has Lewis shied away from painful subjects, as witness the title of another of his scholarly works, *Abulcasis on Surgery and Instruments* – not a book that tickles the palate, unless one is an Arabist, a mediaevalist or a historian of medicine. Then there is his stream of translations of authors ancient and modern – from the mythical sage Dede Korkut and the historical Ottoman sage Kâtip Çelebi to Atatürk's biographer Falih Rıfkı Atay and the biographer of the founder of the Sabancı business dynasty.

The title of Kâtip Çelebi's book, translated by Lewis, *Mizan ü'l-Hak* – The Balance of Truth – was chosen also as the title of the *festschrift* presented to Lewis to mark his eightieth birthday. At the presentation, the Turkish ambassador, Korkmaz Haktanır, paid tribute to Lewis and Raff to the applause of Lewis's academic colleagues, many of them former students, who acknowledged him as the dean of Turkish studies in Britain and beyond.

“Dear boy, you have been too kind,” was Lewis's characteristic response.

No, we haven't. ♦

‘The Turkish Language Reform: A Catastrophic Success’, by Geoffrey Lewis, is published by Oxford University Press, £35
Andrew Mango is a former head of the BBC Turkish Service and author of ‘Atatürk’ (John Murray, £30)

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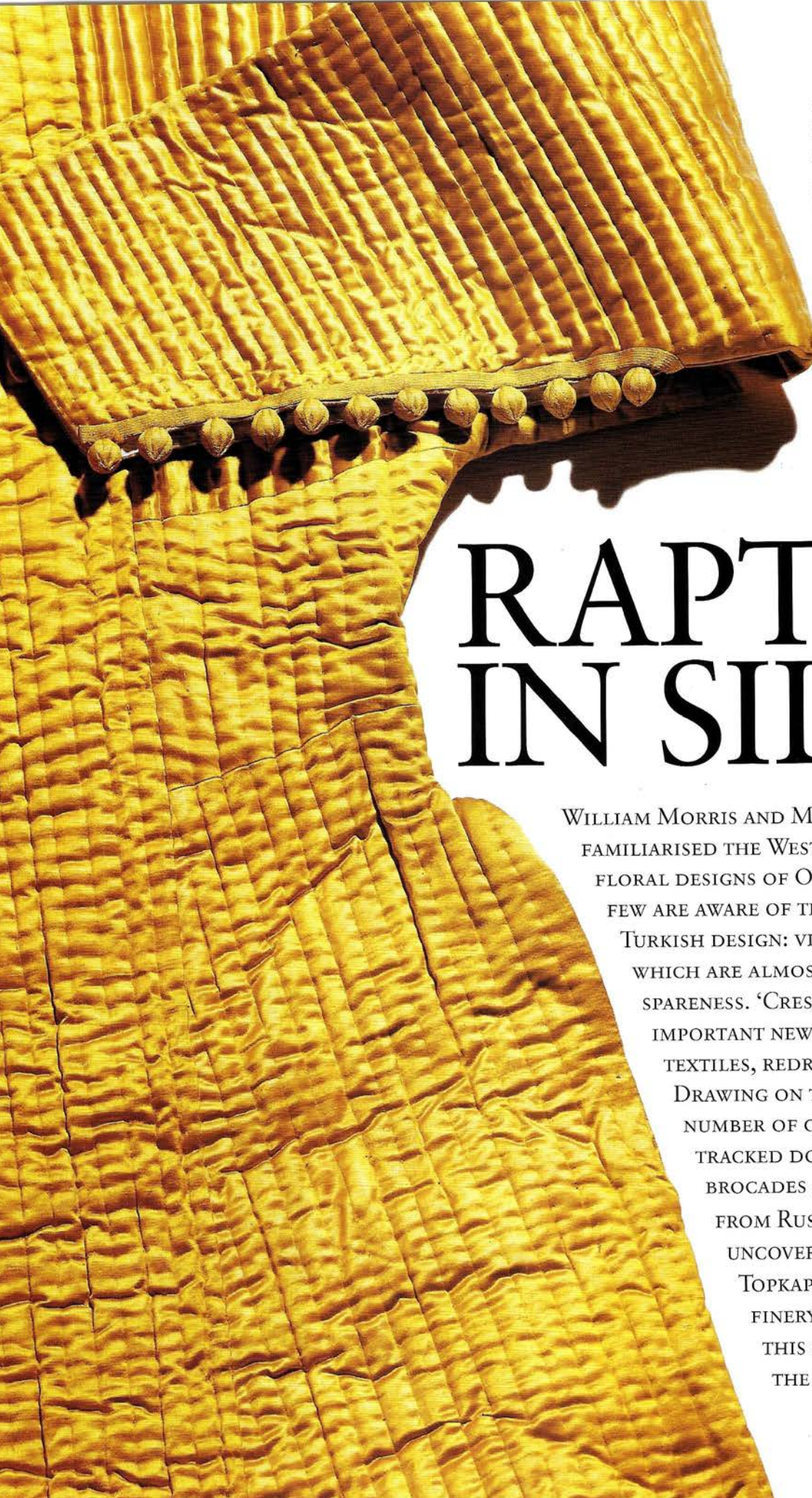
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OTTOMAN 16TH-CENTURY
KAFTANS IN THE TOPKAPI
PALACE, WITH A
TRIPLE-SPOT 'CINTAMANI'
DESIGN IN 'KEMHA' SILK,
FAR LEFT, AND PLAIN
QUILTED SATIN, LEFT

RAPT IN SILK

WILLIAM MORRIS AND MARIANO FORTUNY FAMILIARISED THE WEST WITH THE SUMPTUOUS FLORAL DESIGNS OF OTTOMAN TEXTILES. BUT FEW ARE AWARE OF THE BOLDER SIDE OF TURKISH DESIGN: VIBRANT ABSTRACT PATTERNS WHICH ARE ALMOST JAPANESE IN THEIR SPARENESSE. 'CRESCENT AND ROSE', AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK ON OTTOMAN TEXTILES, REDRESSES THIS BALANCE. DRAWING ON THE EXPERTISE OF A NUMBER OF CONTRIBUTORS, IT HAS TRACKED DOWN THE FINEST VELVETS, BROCADES AND CLOTHS OF GOLD FROM RUSSIA TO ROMANIA, AND UNCOVERED SOME OF THE TOPKAPI'S LONG-HIDDEN IMPERIAL FINERY. CORNUCOPIA PREVIEWS THIS IMPRESSIVE BOOK OVER THE NEXT TWELVE PAGES

‘EVERYWHERE THE BRILLIANCE
OF GOLD, SILVER,
PURPLE, SILK AND SATIN...’
– OGIER GHISELIN DE BUSBECQ,
AMBASSADOR
TO THE SUBLIME PORTE, 1558



HADYVE GARGOÇE / TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

The Sultan's silk route

MEHMED III HAD A HIGHLY COLOURFUL WELCOME WHEN HE ENTERED ISTANBUL WITH HIS MOUNTED TROOPS IN 1596 AFTER HIS VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGNS IN HUNGARY. RICH TEXTILES COVERED THE GROUND AND BOLTS OF SILK FORMED AN ENDLESS BANNER TO HOLD BACK THE CROWDS ALL ALONG HIS ROUTE. THIS EXQUISITE PAINTING FROM TALIKIZÂDE SUPHI ÇELEBİ'S 'EĞRİ FETİHNAMESİ' PROVIDES A VALUABLE RECORD OF THE VARIETY OF COLOURS AND PATTERNS OF THE TIME

THE PERSIAN LEGACY. RIGHT: THIS PATCHWORK WRAPPER, OR 'BOHÇA', IS MADE UP OF RARE FABRICS FROM THE 1520S, WHEN THE COURT DESIGN STUDIO WAS IN PERSIAN HANDS. VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE BOLD PATTERNS OF LATER OTTOMAN SILKS, THE SMALL FLORAL SQUARES ARE SO FINE THAT THEY LOOK PRINTED RATHER THAN WOVEN. IN THE 1550S THE GRAND VIZIER RÜSTEM PASHA REFORMED THE SILK INDUSTRY, MADE TURKISH THE LANGUAGE OF THE STUDIO RECORDS AND DEMANDED A PURELY OTTOMAN AESTHETIC







OPPOSITE: SINGLE-COLOUR SATINS, SUCH AS THE ONE USED FOR THIS QUILTED KAFTAN IN THE TOPKAPI PALACE, ACCOUNTED FOR THE BULK OF OTTOMAN SILK PRODUCTION. RIGHT: SIEGMUND VON HERBERSTEIN, FERDINAND I'S AMBASSADOR TO THE OTTOMAN COURT, IN HIS ITALIAN ROBES AND, FAR RIGHT, IN THE ROBES GIVEN TO HIM BY THE SULTAN IN 1541



FOLLOWING PAGES: THE BOLD WAVY BANDS AND TRIPLE ROUNDELS OF THE 'ÇINTAMANI' MOTIF BECAME A MAINSTAY OF ISTANBUL'S BROCADE DESIGNERS IN THE EARLY 16TH CENTURY. BOTH FABRICS ARE FROM THE TOPKAPI PALACE

What the best-dressed diplomat was wearing

Siegmund von Herberstein (1486–1566) served three Holy Roman Emperors as ambassador and was a keen observer of dress. His illustrated autobiography, published in 1560, shows him dressed in the robes he had worn in the presence of – or had been given by – the rulers of Poland, Russia and Spain as well as Turkey.

When Süleyman the Magnificent visited Buda in 1541, shortly after annexing most of Hungary, von Herberstein was representing the future Holy Roman Emperor, Ferdinand I, king of Bohemia and Hungary. He was dressed in a fashionable short Italian velvet gown with black stockings and shoes (above left). These contrast strikingly with the robes of honour bestowed on him by the Sultan (right).

This disparity greatly amused his successor, the diplomat Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq: "The Turks were quite as much astonished at our manner of dress as we at theirs. They wear long robes which reach almost to their ankles and are not only more imposing but seem to add to their stature; our dress, on the other hand, is so short and tight that it discloses the forms of the body, which would be better hidden, and is thus anything but becoming, and besides, for some reason or other, it takes away from a

man's height and gives him a stunted appearance."

Von Herberstein's new robes are so accurately rendered that the draughtsman even shows the different heights of pile. The inner kaftan is of Turkish velvet, and the outer, ceremonial kaftan is made of two types of Italian velvet, which was considered second only to cloth of gold and silver in luxury and prestige.

Elsewhere Busbecq spoke of Turkish silks in rhapsodic fashion: "Now come with me and cast your eye over the immense crowd of turbaned heads, wrapped in countless folds of the whitest silk, and bright raiment of every kind and hue, and everywhere the brilliance of gold, silver, purple, silk and satin... A more beautiful spectacle was never presented to my gaze."

In the early eighteenth century Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the great wit and letter writer who was wife of the English ambassador, was transported by the vision of a beautifully dressed Turkish woman of Edirne: "She was dress'd in a Caftan of Gold brocade flower'd with Silver... her drawers were pale pink, Green and silver, her Slippers white... On her Head a rich Turkish Handkerchief of pink and Silver... I have read somewhere that Women allways speak in rapture when they speak of Beauty, but I can't

imagine why they should not be allow'd to do so."

These and many other documents attest to the fascination exercised upon the European mind by Turkish silks. Later, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, European designers from William Morris to Mariano Fortuny brought their admiration for Turkish silks into the mainstream of European textile design, while the great European and American collections of applied arts acquired Turkish silks in vast numbers.

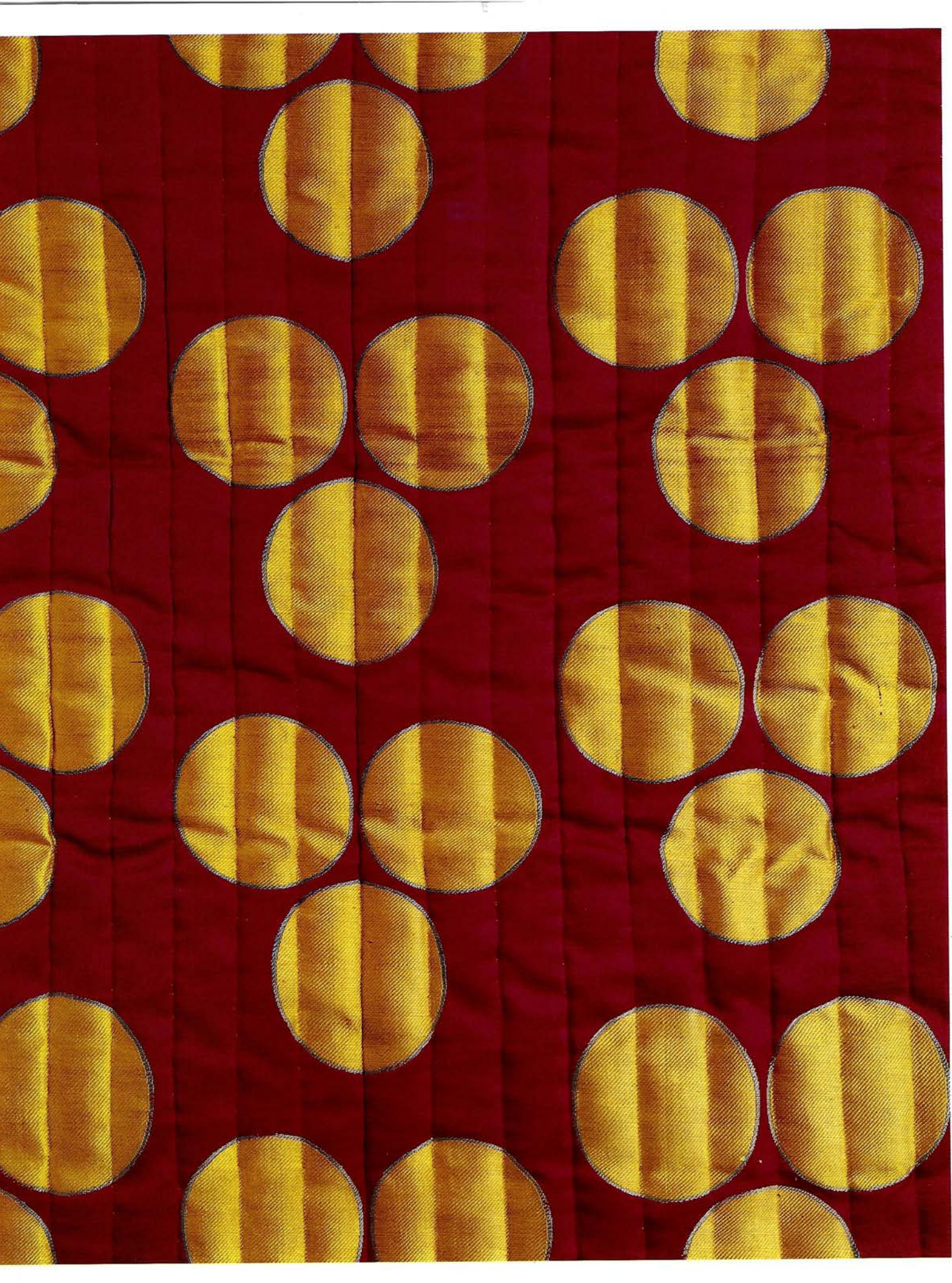
Busbecq's eloquent description of the role of textiles in expressing imperial splendour, and thus imperial power, goes to the core of how Ottoman woven silk fabrics impressed Turks and foreigners alike. Turkish silks reflected the ideology of power, and facilitated the projection of that power in the empire and beyond. Because of their role as diplomatic gifts, they came to symbolise the Ottoman imperium to foreigners, while within the huge empire they were a major form of artistic expression, an important vehicle for the transmission of artistic ideas, and a key factor in the economy. Silks played an important role in Ottoman public ceremonies and in upper-class culture. State officials could expect to be rewarded for their efforts in silk, such was the status it denoted.



HADYE CANGÖKCE / TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM



HADYE CANGÖKCE / TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM







The power and the glory

TURKISH SILKS REFLECTED THE IDEOLOGY OF POWER. BECAUSE OF THEIR ROLE AS DIPLOMATIC GIFTS, THEY CAME TO SYMBOLISE THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE TO FOREIGNERS. WITHIN THE HUGE EMPIRE THEY WERE A MAJOR FORM OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION, AN IMPORTANT VEHICLE FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF ARTISTIC IDEAS AND A KEY FACTOR IN THE ECONOMY. WARS WERE FOUGHT FOR CONTROL OF SILK REVENUES



STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM, MOSCOW

THE IMPERIAL DESIGN STUDIO STRONGLY INFLUENCED ALL THE OTTOMAN ARTS THROUGHOUT THE 16TH CENTURY. THE LARGE-SCALE 'RUMI' DESIGN OF THE QUILTED KAFTAN OPPOSITE CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN TILES AND

CARPETS OF THE PERIOD. ABOVE: AN EARLY 17TH-CENTURY VELVET KAFTAN FROM THE SCHUKIN COLLECTION OF THE STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM, MOSCOW. RUSSIAN COLLECTIONS OFFER INVALUABLE EVIDENCE IN THE

DATING OF OTTOMAN TEXTILES. MOST PIECES WERE DESTINED FOR ORTHODOX CHURCHES AND ARE DATABLE EITHER FROM WOVEN INSCRIPTIONS OR BECAUSE THE NAMES OF THEIR DONORS ARE RECORDED IN CHURCH REGISTERS

Weaving a silken spell

OTTOMAN FIGURED SILKS WERE MADE IN ONE OF THREE WEAVES. 'SERÂSER' (CLOTH OF GOLD AND SILVER, AS SEEN ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE) HAS A FLAT SURFACE WITH METAL THREAD OUTLINING THE PATTERN. IN 'KEMHA' A VERTICAL SATIN WEAVE CONTRASTS WITH A HORIZONTAL TWILL WEAVE, OFFERING A RANGE OF PATTERNS THAT THE TURKS DEVELOPED TO GREAT ADVANTAGE. 'KADIFE' (VELVET) HAS A THREE-DIMENSIONAL SURFACE, WITH AREAS COVERED IN PROJECTING PILE AND OTHER, VOIDED, AREAS WHICH ARE OFTEN COVERED WITH METAL THREAD



THESE TWO OBJECTS ARE RARE INSTANCES OF GEOMETRICAL DESIGNS IN OTTOMAN WEAVING. THE DRAWSTRING BAG, OR 'KEŞE', ABOVE,

FROM THE TOPKAPI, IS PROBABLY FROM THE LATE 16TH CENTURY. RIGHT: A DESIGN OF HEXAGONS AND STARS, FROM A PAIR OF SLEEVES OF THE SAME

PERIOD. THESE ARE IN THE TOPKAPI; THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM IN NEW YORK HAS A PAIR IN THE SAME DESIGN BUT DIFFERENT COLOURS

HADIYE CANGÖRGE / TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

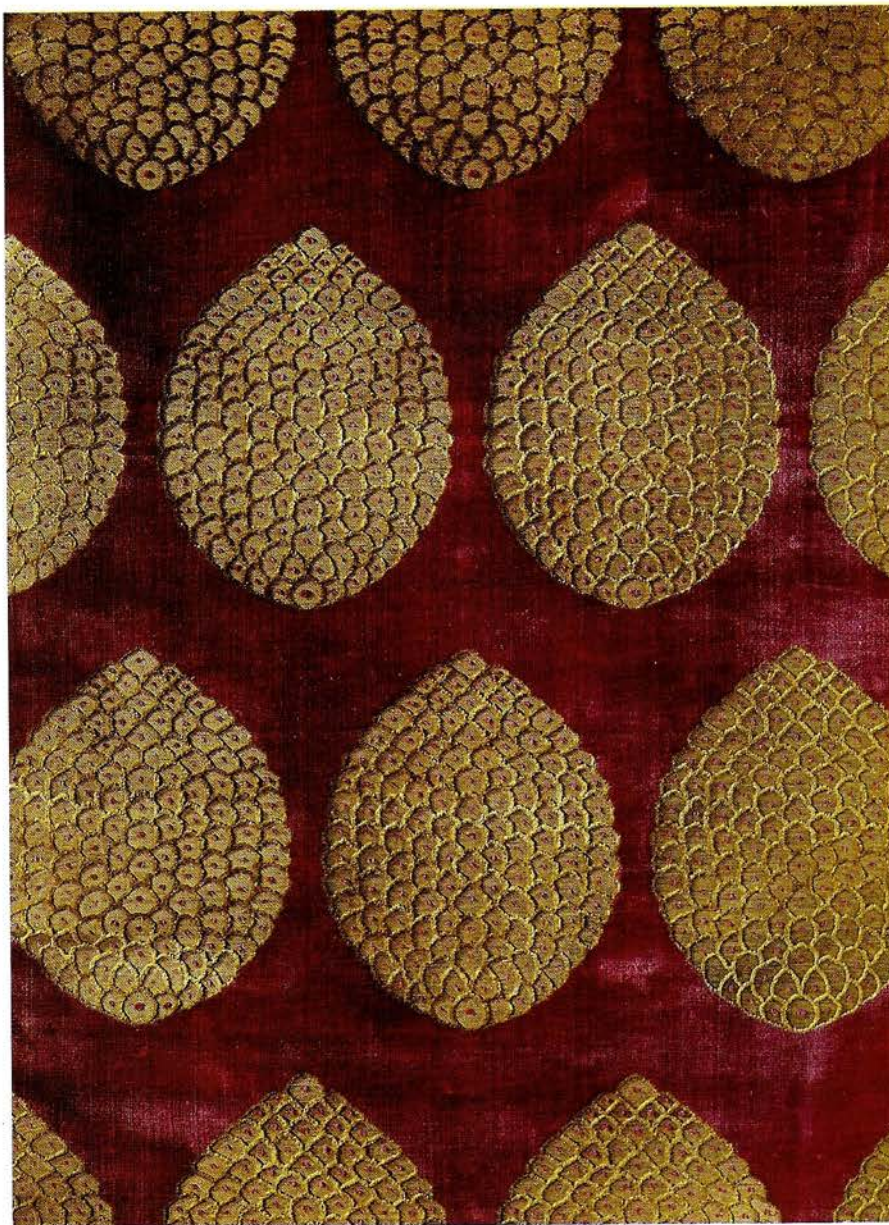
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TWO VELVETS FROM THE SHRINE OF THE SUFI Dervish MEVLÂNA CELALEDDIN RUMI IN KONYA. ACCORDING TO LOCAL TRADITION, THEY WERE DONATED BY SÜLEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT IN 1562. IT IS ABOVE ALL IN TEXTILES THAT THE BOLDNESS AND DIRECTNESS OF OTTOMAN ART CAN BE SEEN. THE WONDERFUL SMOOTH SILKY TEXTURE OF THE VELVET OPPOSITE CONTRASTS WITH THE GRAPHIC, TEXTURED APPROACH OF THE PINE CONES PICTURED HERE



BOTH IMAGES: HADİYE ÇANGÖRÇE / KONYA MEVLÂNA MUSEUM

A landmark publication

Crescent and Rose: Ottoman Imperial Silks and Velvets is a luxurious new book and the first on the subject for fifty years. While some of the pieces it covers are well known, others are not. Many are from outside Turkey, notably Russia – for the Orthodox Church was one of the main buyers of Ottoman silks and velvets. Others from Sweden, Poland

and Romania have rarely, if ever, been seen outside these countries. Some of the pieces from Turkish collections are known mostly to specialists, and there are examples – such as the fine velvets illustrated above and opposite – from the tomb of Mevlâna Celaleddin Rumi in Konya. Even many of the pieces from the Topkapı Palace have seldom been displayed since the deaths of the individual sultans for whom they were made.

The book also reveals some controversial truths – for example that some textiles previously thought to have been made in Turkey in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were in fact produced in Italy for the Turkish market. This landmark book will have a profound impact on the Ottoman aesthetic.

Crescent and Rose is by Nurhan Atasoy, Walter B Denny, Louise W Mackie and Hülya Tezcan, with

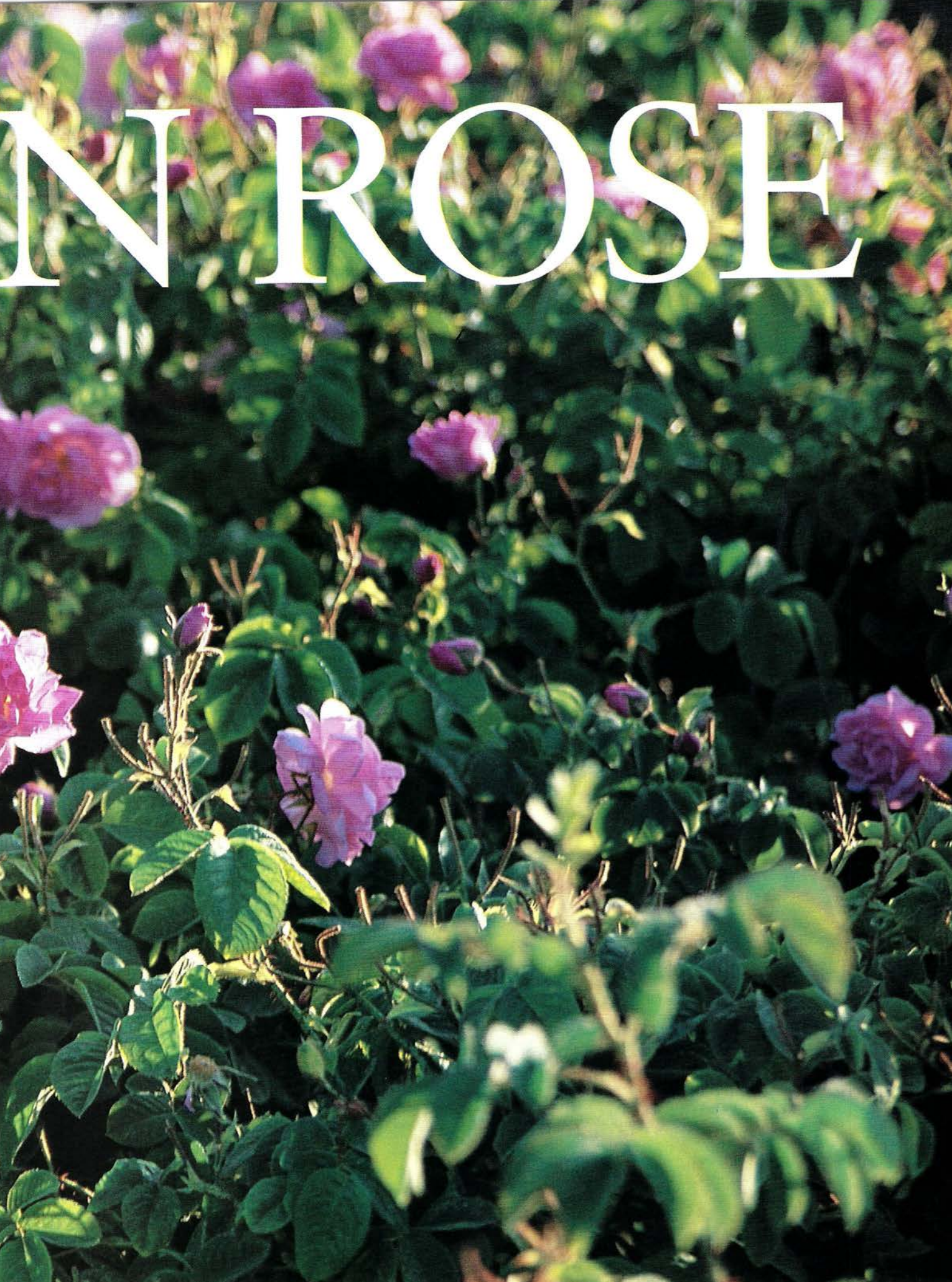
contributions by Harald Böhmer, Beata Biedrońska-Slotowa, Ina Vishnevskaya and Şerife Atlihan. Compiled and edited by Julian Raby and Alison Effeny, and published by Azimuth Editions on behalf of TEB İletişim ve Yayıncılık AŞ, *Crescent and Rose* (Thames & Hudson, rrp £95) is offered to CORNUCOPIA subscribers worldwide at the special price of £89/\$135 (to order, see page 34, or visit www.cornucopia.net). ♦

LAVIE



THE INTOXICATING SCENT OF
ATTAR OF ROSES, THE OIL
DISTILLED FROM THE PETALS
OF DAMASK ROSES, HAS
WORKED ITS MAGIC ON MEN
AND WOMEN FOR CENTURIES.
MARTYN RIX TRACES
THE HISTORY OF THE DAMASK
ROSE FROM ITS ROOTS IN
NEOLITHIC TIMES AND
TRAVELS TO ISPARTA IN
SOUTHWEST ANATOLIA TO
SEE HOW THESE PRECIOUS
PETALS YIELD UP A LIQUID
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERRIN
TOROLSAN AND MARTYN RIX

IN ROSE

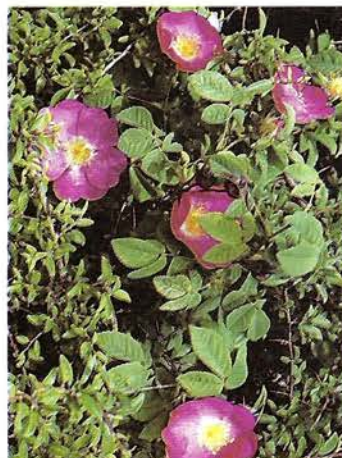




FIELDS OF PALE PINK 'KAZANLIK' DAMASK ROSES IN THE VALLEYS OF ISPARTA AND LAKE BURDUR (OPPOSITE TOP AND LEFT). THE 'KAZANLIK' IS A CROSS BETWEEN THE WHITE *ROSA PHOENICIA* (ABOVE AND FAR LEFT), WITH ITS RICH MUSKY SCENT, AND THE RED *ROSA GALICA* (BELOW LEFT), A DWARF SHRUB THAT GROWS WILD IN NORTHERN ANATOLIA AND CENTRAL EUROPE

So popular did roses become in Roman times that Horace worried the craze would cause farmers to neglect their olive groves. The Romans were prolific producers and consumers of roses. They used the petals in cooking, in flavouring wine, puddings and sherberts, as well as at family festivals; rose-scented oils were used instead of soap. Two thousand years earlier, the Egyptians had been enthralled by the rose. Two thousand years later, we are equally under its spell. Attar of roses is literally worth its weight in gold.

A few years ago I was preparing a television programme on roses with Roger Phillips. We planned to trace the ancient history of roses and, if possible, to find the white-flowered climber *Rosa phoenicia*, a rather mysterious plant not cultivated in England, which has always been assumed to be a parent of the summer damasks. I remembered





A RACE AGAINST TIME: THE PETALS ARE HARVESTED AT DAWN. BY BREAKFAST TIME CONVOYS OF FARMERS APPEAR AT ROADSIDE COLLECTION POINTS WHERE THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WEIGHED AND NOTED. THIS ANCIENT TRADE IS THE FIRST STAGE IN A COMPLEX PROCESS THAT WILL END IN THE PERFUME FACTORIES OF GRASSE, IN FRANCE. THIS YEAR ISPARTA'S VILLAGERS WILL HARVEST SOME TEN THOUSAND TONS

an inspiring article by Berrin Torolsan, in an early issue of CORNUCOPIA, which described the damask roses of Burdur and Isparta and the manufacture of attar of roses – of which Turkey is the world's largest producer – and gave delicious-sounding recipes using rose petals.

In late March the director and I flew to Antalya and drove north towards Isparta to recce the site. Though spring in Antalya, it was still winter in Anatolia, the hills bare, brown and dry, snow covering the mountains. Only among the ruins of Sagalossus, a short diversion from the main road, did we find the earliest spring flowers – small cyclamen, crocuses and dwarf colchicums – growing between the seats of the theatre. The mountains around Isparta are mostly treeless, with powdery volcanic soil. On the lower slopes, the terraced fields are planted with roses, like low thorn hedges, following the



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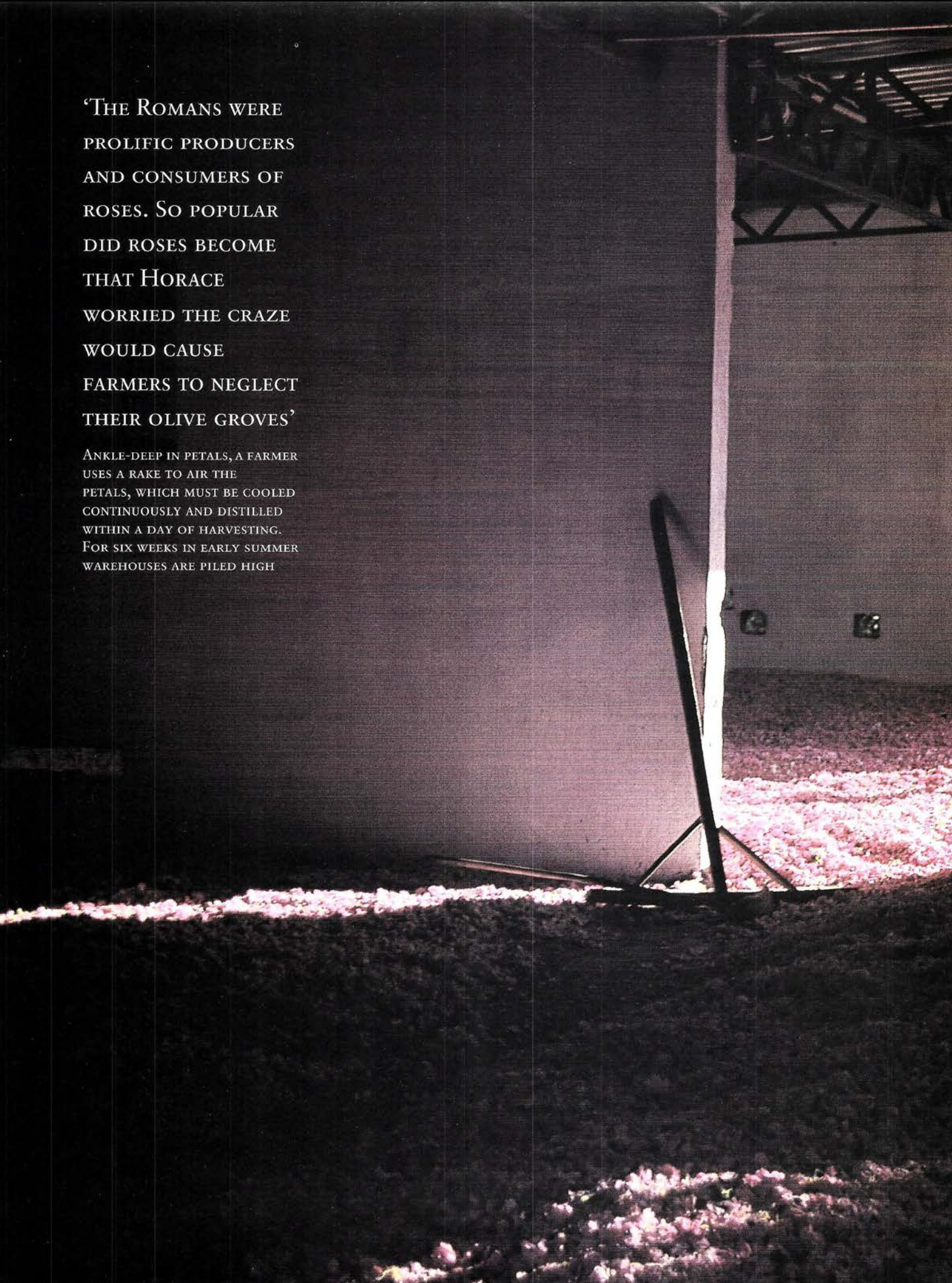
A SACKFUL OF KAZANLIK
DAMASK PETALS WAITS BY THE
ROADSIDE FOR DELIVERY TO
THE DISTILLERY. FOUR TONS OF
HAND-HARVESTED PETALS WILL
BARELY YIELD A KILO OF OIL





'THE ROMANS WERE
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ANKLE-DEEP IN PETALS, A FARMER
USES A RAKE TO AIR THE
PETALS, WHICH MUST BE COOLED
CONTINUOUSLY AND DISTILLED
WITHIN A DAY OF HARVESTING.
FOR SIX WEEKS IN EARLY SUMMER
WAREHOUSES ARE PILED HIGH





contours. Poplars and fruit trees are concentrated on the lower, richer ground.

We talked to the caretaker of one of the distilleries, empty and silent except during the rose harvest, and arranged to come again when roses would be flowering. After inquiries in Isparta, we decided to return in early June with a whole crew.

By then the countryside was transformed, the cornfields with sheets of purple larkspur, clumps of vetch and an exciting Venus's looking-glass (*Legousia pentagonia*). Young leaves covered poplars in the valley, and rose hedges were a soft green, with masses of pale pink buds. The roses grown around Isparta and Burdur are summer damasks, the variety called *trigintipetala* or 'Kazanlik'.

Kazanlik is a town in central Bulgaria, which was the centre of production of attar of roses from the seventeenth century. Roses were taken there by Ottoman merchants, and cuttings were brought back to Anatolia during the movements of population following the war between Russia and Turkey in 1878. They were planted in various places, such as the Göksu valley on the Bosphorus, but thrived best in the deep, sandy soils around Isparta and Burdur, and it is here that Turkish rose production is now concentrated.

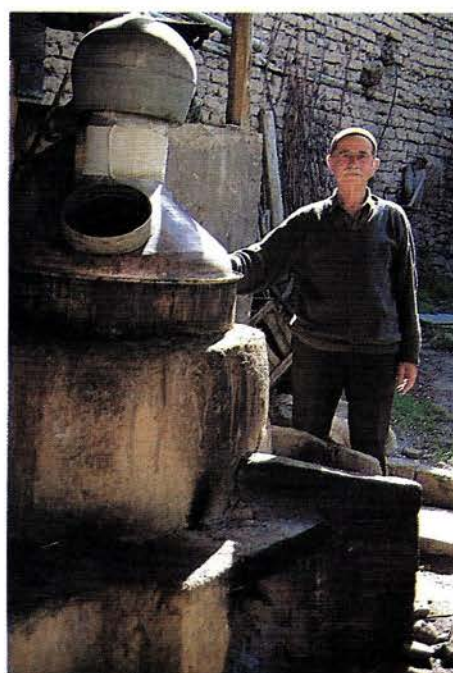
The parentage of the summer damask rose such as 'Kazanlik' is thought to be *Rosa gallica* 'Officinalis' crossed with *Rosa*

phoenicia. Wild *Rosa gallica* is a dwarf suckering shrub with richly scented pink or red flowers, solitary or a few together, and few thorns. It is found around Istanbul, in many parts of northern Anatolia – for instance, I have seen it in the hills east of Ankara – and as far as the Caucasus. It is also scattered across central Europe as far west as the south of France, usually growing in limy clay soil.

Rosa phoenicia, the other object of our visit, is less well known but has been recorded all around the southern and western coasts of Turkey and inland as far as Adiyaman and Siirt. It also occurs in Lebanon and northern Iraq. This conspicuous white-flowered climber threads its way through hedges and reaches up into trees. We found it at Side, where the sand has blown over the ruins of the old city, and near the coast around Phaselis. The flowers are numerous, in a dense head, and have a rich, musk-like scent. The leaflets are hairy and rounded, with unusual short, blunt teeth. It is a combination of the characters of these two roses that has made the 'Kazanlik' damask and similar hybrids so floriferous and well-scented and therefore suitable for scent production.

Rosa phoenicia belongs to a large group of wild roses found from western Europe to the Himalayas and into China, mostly climbers with numerous white flowers in loose heads. In the same group is the Persian

WITH THE GIANTS OF THE FRENCH PERFUME INDUSTRY DOMINATING THE MARKET, EACH YEAR FEWER AND FEWER FAMILIES – SUCH AS THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IN THE VILLAGE OF YAYLABELI – FIRE UP THEIR IMBIK, THE TRADITIONAL LOG-FIRED STILL. BELOW, FROM LEFT: A LARGE NEW FRENCH-OWNED PLANT ON LAKE BURDUR; A VILLAGER STANDS PROUDLY BY HIS ANCIENT STOVE; USED PETALS, COMPRESSED INTO CAKES, ARE LEFT TO DRY IN THE BACK STREETS OF ISPARTA, TO BE BURNT LATER AS FUEL; A SMILING VILLAGER CRADLES A LARGE FLASK OF PRECIOUS ROSE OIL FROM THIS YEAR'S HARVEST





musk rose, *Rosa moschata*, whose origin, though much studied, is still a mystery. It flowers in late summer and autumn. Nowhere is it truly wild, though it is found in or near gardens across Asia, as far as Afghanistan and India, so it must be a cultivated plant of great antiquity, chosen for its late blooming. This Persian musk rose is thought to be the parent of the twice-flowering autumn damask, the 'Quatre Saisons'. Its spring flowering comes from its *gallica* parent, its early autumn flowers from *moschata*.

The summer damask is most likely to have originated, as far back as Neolithic times, in southern Anatolia, from a cross between a double-cultivated *Rosa gallica* 'Officinalis' and a wild *Rosa phoenicia* growing in a nearby hedge. If this seems far-fetched, the first Bourbon roses are known to have arisen on the island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean, around 1817, from the crossing in a hedge of the pink china rose with the autumn damask, cleverly spotted by a French botanist, a M Bréon.

As well as being cultivated in profusion by the Romans, damasks were grown in Egypt for export to Rome in winter. Chaplets of roses found on mummies have been identified as

Rosa richardii (or *Rosa sancta*, the holy rose), a pink, single-flowered, damask-like rose which survives around old churches in Ethiopia.

Recent studies of rose scents have identified the chemicals which make up the perfume of damasks and their parent roses. The major constituents of *Rosa gallica*'s scent are geraniol, citronellol, nerol and phenethyl alcohol, carried on the petals. These scents are very stable and, combined with the dark red colour, make *Rosa gallica* especially useful for cooking and for drying. In low-growing shrubs, they attract bees flying near the ground. In the *phoenicia* type, eugenol, hexanol and phenethyl alcohol are found on the stamens. Being more mobile, these scents carry on the air for some distance and draw bees to flowers many feet above the ground.

Damasks have a combination of both types, giving them an exceptional richness and large numbers of flowers. In the semi-double 'Kazanlık', more than 400 additional constituents have been identified in smaller or minute quantities. These old rose scents are very different from those of modern roses, with a partly Chinese parentage, derived from the tea-scented *Rosa gigantea*.

Rose oil is produced by

ATTAR OF ROSES (FROM THE TURKISH 'ITIR', MEANING SCENT) HAS TRADITIONALLY BEEN DESPATCHED TO THE WORLD'S PERFUMERIES IN WAX-SEALED COPPER FLASKS, KNOWN AS KUMKUMA. THE FLASKS OPPOSITE ARE MARKED WITH THE SEAL OF ONE OF ISPARTA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PRODUCERS, KONURLAR, SINCE TAKEN OVER BY THE FRENCH FIRM OF ROBERTET

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE ISPARTA ROSE HARVEST, LINKS TO PRODUCERS AND RELEVANT ARTICLES FROM PAST ISSUES OF CORNUCOPIA, VISIT OUR WEBSITE, www.cornucopia.net

distilling the petals in a copper vat by passing hot steam over them. They must be picked in early morning, before the sun has reached them, while the flowers are still half open and the scent is at its strongest. Families gather in the fields and fill huge sacks which are loaded into cars and onto donkeys and carried to shady collection points by the roadside. Each contribution is weighed before being taken to the factory, where the petals are kept cool before being packed tightly into the vats, stamped in and sealed.

The steam from the vats is condensed into large bottles, producing mainly rosewater, but a thin layer of yellowish oil, the *gül yağı*, or attar of roses, floats on the surface. This most valuable oil is then carefully bottled. Most of it is exported to Grasse, in France, a town of perfumeries and blending factories.

In spite of diligent enquiries, we were unable to buy any attar of roses in Isparta, but were given tiny glass phials to take home. Even after many years and much sniffing, the powerful scent remains, and simply opening the bottle reminds me of early morning in the hills near Isparta, and the warm steam of the factory. ♦

ISPARTA'S ROSE HARVEST: THE AROMATIC EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

The harvest usually takes place from May to mid-June, and cultivation stretches from Eğirdir to Lake Burdur. A car is essential. Isparta lies directly on the route between Istanbul and the Mediterranean coast, though few tourists stop there as they hurtle south. The road from Isparta to the nearby Gölcük crater offers a good first impression of the rose harvest, but go early – by 10am the fields will be deserted.

The western shore of Lake Burdur is the perfect place to experience the harvest. Turn off the Isparta–Dinar road at Keçiborlu and head south for Kılıç (pretty cemetery) and Senir. Two distilleries welcome visitors:

Robertet (tel 90-246 553 2029, fax /553 2492) and **Sebat** (tel 90-246 553 3076, fax 553 2423, www.unitedroseoil.com). Call first; neither is equipped to look after casual visitors. They will direct you to the rose fields. It is



harder to find traditional village production: try Ilyasköy and Yaylabelli, high above the lake.

WHERE TO BUY ROSE OIL

During the harvest, it is usually possible to buy rose oil (*gül yağı*) and rosewater (*gül suyu*) direct from distilleries such as Robertet and Sebat. Another good producer is **Erçetin** (Isparta–Eğirdir road; tel 90-246 224 1245/6, fax 6793, www.ercetin.com). Insist on pure rosewater containing no preservatives. A reliable brand in Isparta shops is **Gülbirlik**. To buy

in quantity, visit Gülbirlik offices at No 101, 115. Cad. (tel 90-246 218 1280, fax /218 8452). Prices vary from year to year. Gülbirlik's 400ml bottle of rosewater is around 60 cents (40p). Rose oil is sold in 1g phials at \$3.60 each. In Istanbul, you might chance on Gülbirlik rosewater in pharmacists and the spice market.

The best supplier of rose products in Istanbul is **Konurlar**, whose fine *kumkuma* vessels are illustrated opposite. Mr Konur no longer produces rose oil, but he founded Robertet's distillery in Senir and knows where to buy the best quality (Büyükdere Cad 64/7, Mecidiyeköy, Istanbul, tel 90-212 266 3463, fax 275 7513).

On the internet, **The Essential Oil Company** (essentialoil.com), based in Seattle, has a wide range of aromatherapy oils, including Turkish sage oil and Isparta rose oil. **Anatolian Treasures** (www.AV-AT.com) also offers all kinds

of essential oils from Turkey.

Wilde & Co of Thirsk, Yorkshire, has developed a quite different technique for extracting rose oil without heat, and supplies (English) rose and other essential oils by mail order. CORNUCOPIA readers in the UK can also order Erçetin's rose oil by writing to wildeandco@compuserve.com.

TOUR NOTES

Aroma Tours, a Melbourne-based firm, puts the rose harvest on its itinerary (tel 61-3 9499 8681, www.aroma-tours.com). For an independent guide, contact **Joanne Klein Wolterink**, a Dutch aromatherapist based during the season at the Gül Pansyon, Eğirdir (tel 90-246 311 23700; mobile 31-620 443122). Isparta has a three-star hotel, the Büyük Isparta (tel 90-232 44 22/3/4, fax /4422), but the lakeside *pansyons* in Eğirdir are more agreeable. Antalya is a mere hour-and-a-half's drive south.





BETWEEN THE TAURUS

FEW TRAVELLERS TO TURKEY ENJOYING THE HEDONISTIC DELIGHTS OF MEDITERRANEAN – INTIMIDATED PERHAPS BY RUMOURS OF A WILD HINTERLAND THAT EVEN CROWDS BEHIND WILL DISCOVER AN AWE-INSPIRING LANDSCAPE OF CLIFFS THAT KATE CLOW AND JACQUELINE DE GIER JOINED TEN OTHER GUESTS AND A LECTURER



AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

CRUISING VENTURE EAST OF ANTALYA, CAPITAL OF ANATOLIA'S TURQUOISE COAST
ALEXANDER THE GREAT FOUND HARD TO TAME. BUT THOSE WHO DARE TO LEAVE THE
DROP SHEER TO THE SEA, EPIC CASTLES AND REMOTE BYZANTINE RETREATS.
FOR A TWELVE-DAY VOYAGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT ABOARD A TRADITIONAL GULET

JOURNAL Coasting into history

BY KATE CLOW

DAY 1

As the sun rises over the old Selçuk walls of Antalya harbour, the Arif Kaptan B slips past the Roman watchtower, out to the open sea. Four hours' sail takes us to Side, running eastwards with the imperceptible tide. The wide coastal plain and the heat haze almost screen the grey silhouettes of the Taurus Mountains.

Above us, the two masts reflect the sun, while the guests recline in the shade, beers in hand, accustoming themselves to the endless swelling motion.

My stomach is somewhat relieved when we slip easily into a vacant berth at Side, alongside the seafront disco and bars. In the museum, the plain vaults of the Roman bathhouse show off the worn and polished marble statuary to advantage – Hercules catches the light across his muscular shoulders; a dog peeps around a sarcophagus looking for his lost owner. The museum garden is fragrant with thyme and sea smells, and roses grow over a long frieze with mermaids and naval battles.

DAY 2

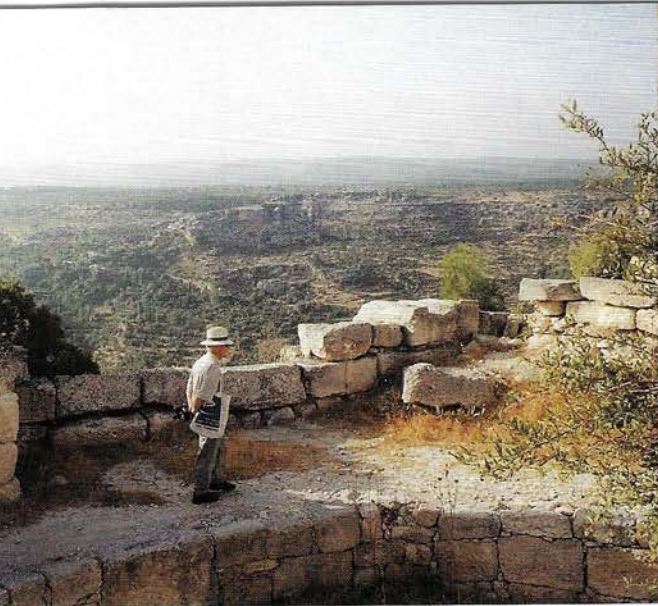
As dawn gleams on the temples of Apollo and Athena – which is which? – the photographers slink off the gulet to capture the changing light. Sunrise on a Medusa's head; silence in Side's heart. We set sail for Alanya,

TOP ROW FROM LEFT: THE IMMACULATE THEATRE AT ASPENDOS, LITTLE ALTERED SINCE THE SECOND CENTURY; OUR CLASSICS TUTOR LEADS THE WAY; THE THREE GRACES IN SIDE'S MUSEUM, HOUSED IN THE CITY'S ANCIENT BATHS. RIGHT: MAMURE CASTLE, WITH ITS RAGGED BATTLEMENTS, DUSTY COURTYARD AND 13TH-CENTURY MOSQUE

68 CORNUCOPIA

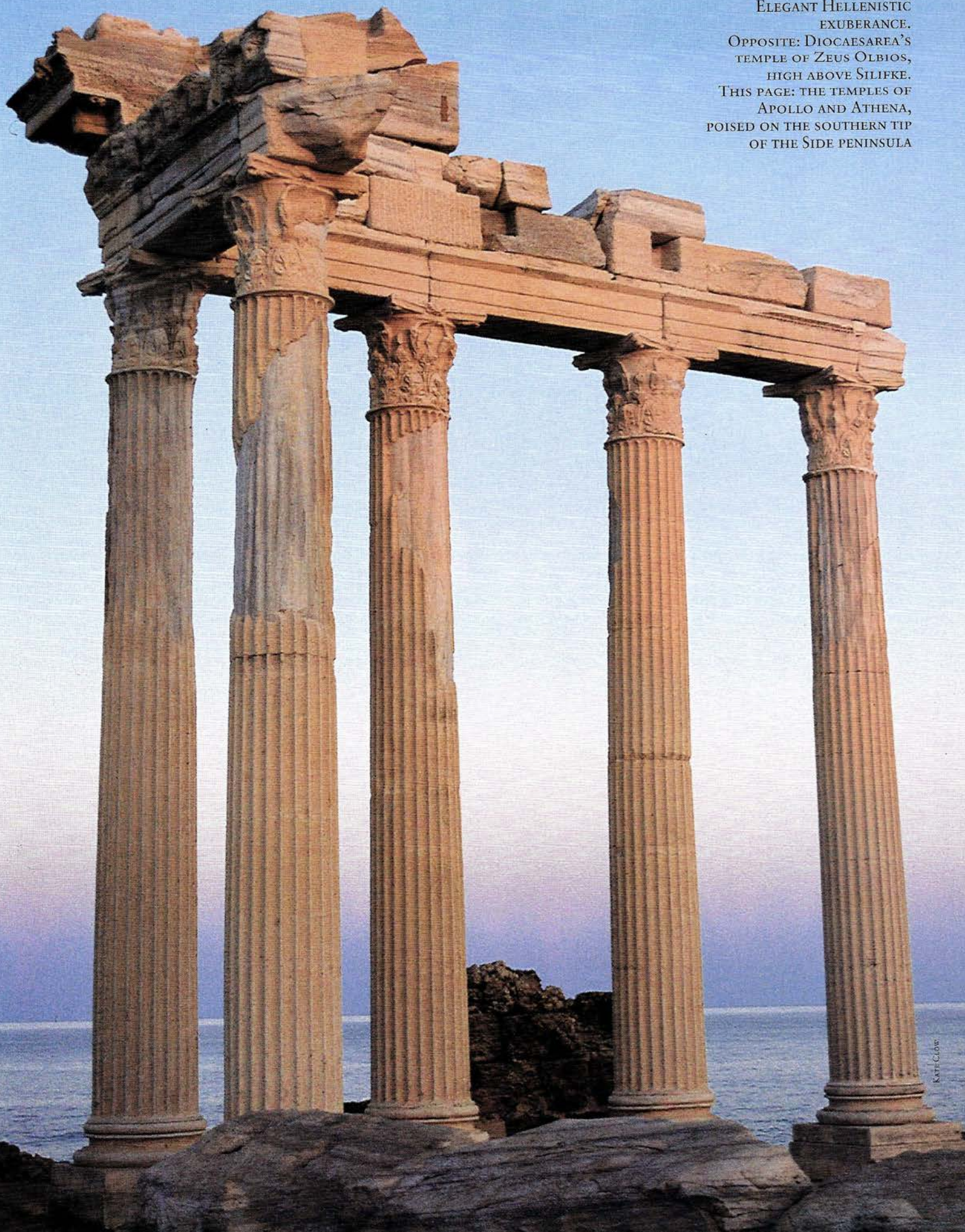


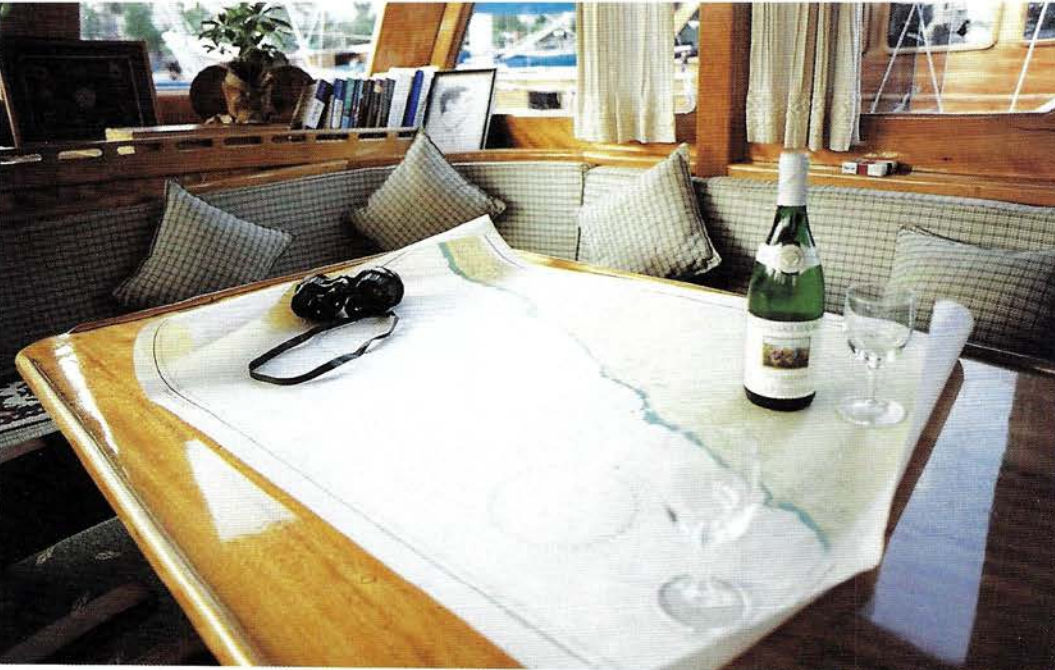
KATE CLOW AND JULIA GUEST





ELEGANT HELLENISTIC
EXUBERANCE.
OPPOSITE: DIOCAESAREA'S
TEMPLE OF ZEUS OLBIOS,
HIGH ABOVE SILIFKE.
THIS PAGE: THE TEMPLES OF
APOLLO AND ATHENA,
POISED ON THE SOUTHERN TIP
OF THE SIDE PENINSULA







another few hours away, where the anchor rattles out under the sheer cliffs of the citadel; we plunge into the clear waters, exploring a shallow phosphorescent cave. Seeing silver glints below, the youngest passenger gets out his fishing rod.

On Alanya's citadel, a dizzying descent down a narrow staircase below the Bedesten, or covered market, leads us to cavernous cisterns where we wander at will, tracing previous water levels on the walls. Then in the *han* above, we trace the levels in our beer glasses as we watch the sunlight dancing on dusty saddles, guns and saddlebags.



DAY 3

Beyond Alanya, the mountains harass the sea and delay the sunrise. The air is perceptibly cooler, but banana plantations chequer the light, sandy cliffs with emerald rhomboids. Approaching Gazipaşa, stretches of naked, uninhabited beach appear. Disappointingly, the wind has risen, the harbour is unfinished and the waves rip the ropes away. Mooring is a tight tango, but after half an hour of irritable manoeuvring, we are home.

We drive to Antiocheia ad Cragum, winding down country lanes, finding a strange pediment with twin angels – Apollo and chum? – in a ploughed field. The main ruins are on top of a bramble-encrusted hill overlooking a turquoise harbour where granite columns are strewn. They look like booty from some ancient sea raid; perhaps the pirates grew bored with trying to haul them uphill.

Back on the gulet, dinner conversation is subdued by bleak wind and water noise. The dense night is unbroken by artificial light.



PLEASURABLE MOMENTS ABOARD ARIF KAPTAN B. CENTRE LEFT, MIDDLE AND TOP RIGHT: ANTIOCHEIA AD CRAGUM, ONE OF THREE FORTRESS TOWNS BUILT BY ANTIOCHUS IV TO STRENGTHEN AN ALREADY FORBIDDING COAST; AND THE VIEW ALONG THAT COAST. CENTRE RIGHT: A MAZE CARVING IN THE MUSEUM AT SIDE

KATE CLOW AND JULIA GUEST

DAY 4

We cruise in early morning light past the ruins of Antiocheia ad Cragum, the shaded headland towering above the boat. The hidden harbour is accessible only via a sea arch; with surprise on their side, pirates could easily molest local shipping.

With a fresh wind and an eager new cabin boy on board, there's no excuse not to raise sail, so we do. The motor dies, and we are in the soundless world the ancients enjoyed. I would swap engines and diesel fumes any day for the sound and smell of horse and cart, sails and oars.

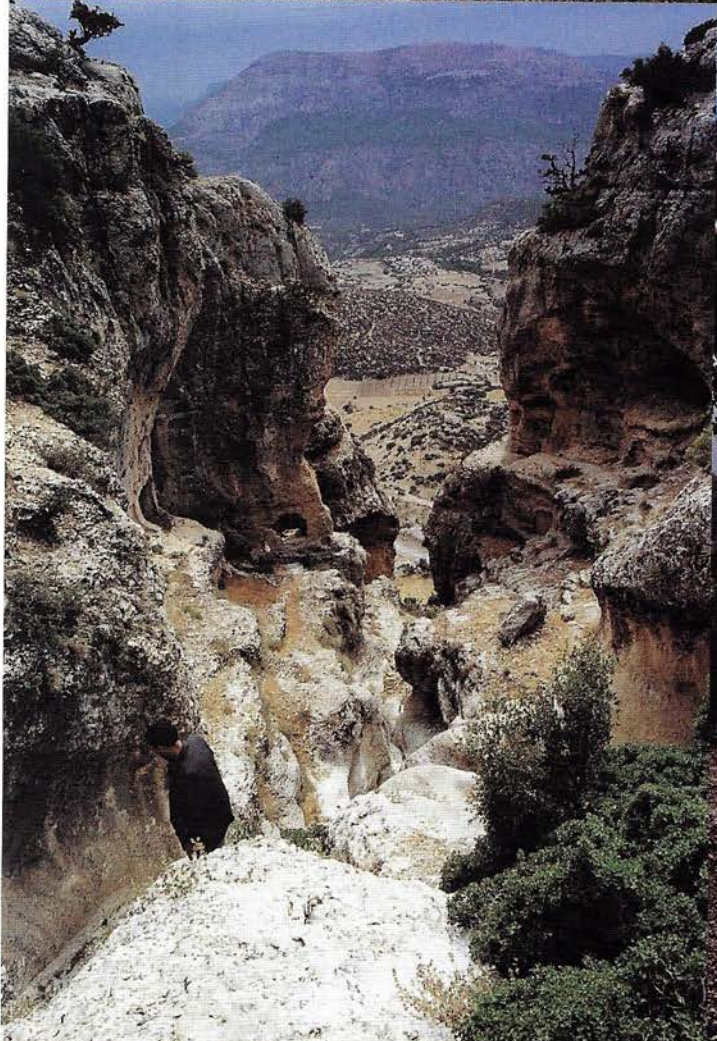
We land at Bozyazi – a reassuringly inhabited harbour – and take a trip back in time to Anemurium, where grave-building seems to have been a lifetime's occupation. In the Odeon, our lecturer directs the guests in his first production of a Greek comedy – *The Clouds*. Strepiades, seeing his son sacrifice all in the cause of innovation, echoes my sentiments about modernity.

DAY 5

The lamb of God on a marble fragment glows in the darkness of the museum – there's a power cut. Francis Beaufort's map of 1818, with a sketch of Anemurium from the sea, dimly graces the wall. We are allowed to photograph but not to use flash; as we despair, power is restored.

The market at Anamur is empty of fish, but melons, pistachios and freshly picked crisp salads make up for it. At the gulet, we find a local fisherman has delivered fish straight to our gangplank. A glut of wine is cheerfully consumed at dinner.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANAMUR BANANAS ARE SMALL, SWEET AND AROMATIC; SAILING THE GULET; A CAVE CHURCH NEAR THE ALAHAN MONASTERY, WITH TRACES OF FRESCO JUST VISIBLE; THE WELCOME SHADE OF AN ANCIENT OLIVE TREE; CLIMBING TO ALAHAN; A BYZANTINE CAPITAL IN SILIFKE, CARVED, LIKE THE CORINTHIAN VERSIONS, WITH STYLISTED ACANTHUS FRONDS







Day 6

We sail after breakfast, and moor up for a swim in crystal waters but in sight of ubiquitous plastic greenhouses. Under the awning, we languidly try to get our heads around the principles of Greek tragedy – the magic numbers, the masks, the taboos.

From Aydıncık harbour we head inland. It's the first time we have crossed the great divide into the interior, driving up dry valleys, through fragmented villages smelling of sleepy cows, to the site of Meydancık. This Hittite fort is perched on a north-facing promontory, with deep, cultivated valleys below. Redolent of history,

the massive stones point to the power of the builders. What did Alexander make of this creation, history in his time, a reminder that other powers ruled this land a thousand years before him? On the return, we stop to raid ripe pomegranates from roadside trees.

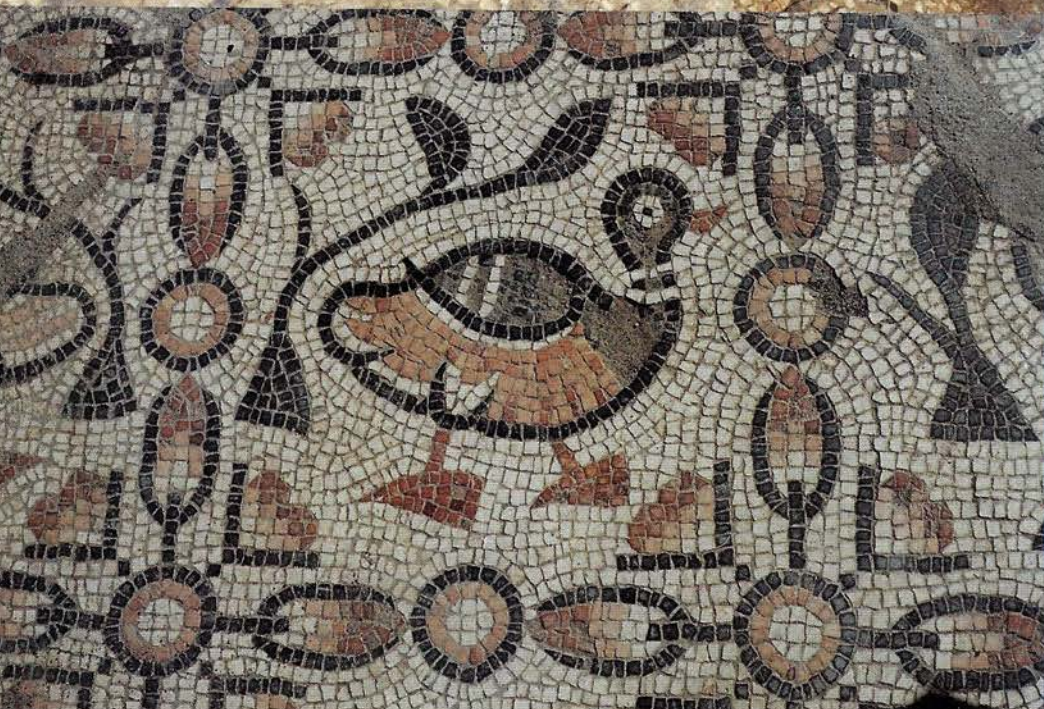
DAY 7

The heat and silence permeate the breakfast table, but we eventually sail, past jagged cliffs, watching swooping terns, and moor up alongside the ruins of Aphrodisias-in-Cilicia. A short conversation with a fisherman locates the church, but instead of the expected mosaics we find

MAJESTIC ALAHAN (ABOVE LEFT AND RIGHT): FLYING BUTTRESSES, CARVED FISH AND A MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINTOP TERRACE. RIGHT: SUNSET VIEW THROUGH A CHURCH DOOR AT KANLIDIVANE

JULIA GUEST AND KATE CLOW







KATE CLOW

sand. A cautious scrape reveals tesserae. Back to the boat for brush and dustpan, to clean the church floor.

I'm surprised how hard everyone works. The lecturer translates the inscriptions. I gaze in wonder at the wildlife – black francolin, purple gallinule, owls, moorhens, ducks, all set out in mosaic.

DAY 8

At breakfast, groups of migrating buzzards pass overhead, silhouetted against the sky, aiming east for the easy feeding of the Göksu delta.

Today's trip is inland, through the market town of Silifke, to the pine-clad hills where Diocaesarea shares its space with Uzuncaburç. Diocaesarea was well endowed: a city gate, a theatre, and a long nymphaeum proclaim prosperity. The money came from pilgrims to the second-century-BC temple to Zeus Olbios. Its massive columns still stand, topped by Corinthian capitals, each of individual design, some showing the lotus leaves of Egypt. Overhead, a Kreuper's nuthatch tootles as it works its way upwards, picking insects from a crack in the column.

All around the countryside are monuments to the dead – house tombs, pyramid tombs, tower tombs. Did the pilgrims come here to die?

DAY 9

Today is a peaceful anticlimax at the museum at Silifke and St Thecla's church. I would rather be birdwatching on the delta, but the wind is rising and storms threaten.

DAY 10

Alahan is perched on a rock ledge under limestone cliffs, where gaunt junipers struggle for water. The churches are remarkably well preserved; presumably they were later used as *hans*. As we picnic on the

SAILING BACK IN TIME. TOP: THIS SHIP SHOWN TOSSEING ON THE WAVES OUTSIDE A SUBSTANTIAL HARBOUR ONCE CARRIED THE LUCRATIVE COASTAL TRADE OF TIMBER, RESIN, GLASS AND METALS. FAR LEFT: IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BYZANTINE BUILDERS ILLUSTRATED THEIR FAVOURITE EDIBLE WILDFOWL IN A CHEERFUL DESIGN ON THE CHURCH FLOOR AT APHRODISIAS-IN-CILICIA. LEFT: THE WHEEL OF THE ARIF KAPTAN B

JULIA GUEST



terrace, the guardian joins us and, after a sandwich, asks if we want to see a painted cave. The bold elect to follow him down steep, rocky paths, over a stream bed. Scrambling in through a narrow opening, we draw breath. Above is a huge shallow dome, painted in midnight blue. A pattern of diagonals and curls, like winding ribbons, in red, gold and white, stretches across the roof and walls.

The cave is pockmarked by gunshot, darkened by smoke and stinks of goat. Our feet sink into the turds of years, which obscure the tiled floor. The wide opening frames a stunning view across the plain to Mut. Overwhelmed, we wander around the vault, craning our necks upwards.

I cross-question the guardian – no, not even the archaeologists know of the cave's existence.

DAY 11

Back to civilisation – we drive along the flattening coast to the Corycian Caves, "Heaven and Hell". I'm the only one to be deeply unimpressed by the natural caverns and the civilised café. But nearby Kanlıdivane is something else – something unworldly. As we scramble around the deserted churches, the sun is setting, bathing the depths of the chasm in a gold-red glow – indeed the place of blood. Why here? What drew Christians to this savage stretch of the coast, unless it was the wildness and inaccessibility of it which saved them from persecution? We debate the question over local fish in the beach-side restaurant.

DAY 12

Our final day dawns clear, and as we round a headland, a crisp breeze tells us to pile on sail. We bowl along and the mountains recede, the plain opens up and the suburbs of Mersin stretch endlessly before us. We moor up right in the city centre, just a palisade of hibiscus between us and the main square, and, across that, the market. A place to stock up on the little pleasures of Turkey before the early-morning flight home. Our final evening is endowed with touches of jollity – the crew have decked out the boat with balloons and put on funny hats. It's time for a toast and a speech or two before our final dinner on board.

Kate Clow's new book, *'The Lycian Way' (Upcountry Turkey, rrp £12.99)*, is offered to Cornucopia subscribers at £11.49 incl postage (see page 34)

A spectacular point of view

BY JACQUELINE DE GIER

This southern crook of the Turkish coast, from Antalya to Mersin, is perhaps not as easy to enjoy as the picturesque bays and harbours of the Turquoise Coast to the west. Dominated by the Taurus Mountains, its beauty is in its austerity. Its wild, often deserted unpredictability no doubt explains why it was a favourite hide-out for pirates, priestesses,

oracles, nuns and heretics. It lured the most eccentric men and women, as, in an odd way, it still does... The moment I saw our lecturer (a former classics master and deputy head of St Paul's School, London) take to the water off our twenty-six metre gulet and swim in his panama hat, any reservations I had about the trip wilted. He also carried an old-fashioned parasol to protect against the fierce sun.

Sailing offers many advantages. It is comfortable. You can focus on the waves with a cold beer in hand. You can try to catch a tuna for dinner while discussing maritime matters with the captain. Above all, though, you enjoy a

spectacular vantage point. Many of this coast's most impressive ruins can be seen from the sea. Spread across a clifftop and several promontories, and towering 1,000 feet above us, Antiocheia ad Cragum looked magnificent. So did the stunning fortress at Alanya, old Coracesium, which glowed like old copper at sunset.

It was clear the first evening, having dinner on deck, that dull would not be part of the itinerary. One guest, a Hungarian countess, wore a toga assembled from pink silks she had bought in Rajasthan, with a loud necklace around her head and a medallion on her forehead. "Citizens,



LONG STRETCHES OF COAST ARE INACCESSIBLE BY ROAD AND GLORIOUSLY ISOLATED. HERE, THE ARIF KAPTAN B IS MOORED IN A

The undiscovered coast: travel notes

BY KATE CLOW

These sites are some of the most varied and fascinating in the region; they are not the well-known crowd-pullers around Antalya, but deserted obscurities. At sea we saw day-trippers to Side and Alanya, but we saw no other gulets east of Alanya. Westminster Classic Tours arrange their annual cruise in September, which is ideal for the bird migrations. For the independent traveller, be warned that the road between Alanya and Silifke is winding, slow

and often has heavy timber lorries on it. Drive early in the day. In order to get the best from the sites, wear stout shoes and take a camera, torch and picnic.

ANTIOCHEIA AD CRAGUM (Antioch-on-the-Crag, southeast of Gazipaşa) A Roman city stands amid farmland, with a pirate harbour and clifftop Byzantine fortress 2km below, between banana plantations. The overgrown fortress has spectacular sea and sunset views. Take a bird book and binoculars.

ANEMURIUM (southwest of Anamur) Late Roman and Byzantine ruins strewn along a beach and up an acropolis hill. Ask to see the fifth- or sixth-century frescoes hidden in locked grave chambers. Take swimming kit; wear long trousers (against the thorns). On-site café and ticket booth.

MAMURE KALESİ A spectacular medieval castle 6km southeast of Anamur. The walls, once protected by a moat, are crowned with ragged battlements. The restored mosque of the Selçuk sultan Alaeddin Keykubad stands in the dusty western court. Restaurants and car park.

ST THECLA'S CAVE The underground chapel

of St Thecla and Leo the Isaurian's massive basilica are on hills rising from the Göksu delta. Thecla, follower of St Paul, became a healer and saint. Combine with a visit to the Armenian castle and Roman ruins at nearby Silifke.

MEYDANCIK On a Taurus hilltop is Hittite Meydancık, with massive 14th-century BC walls and spectacular views. The hilltop has been cleared to reveal colossal foundations. Silifke museum contains two huge caryatids and a superb hoard of 5,000 coins of Alexander the Great and his generals from the site.

APHRODISIAS-IN-CILICIA Between Aydıncık and Silifke are ruins of a

fifth-century church. Take swimming gear and a brush and dustpan to uncover (and re-cover) the beautiful mosaics. Don't miss the inscriptions (near the entrance and in the right apse), and beautiful designs of birds and waterfowl.

DOICAESAREA (UZUNCABURÇ) The village of Uzuncaburç, at about 900 metres, is built inside the walls of Diocaesarea, home of a virtually independent priest-clan of the Temple of Zeus Olbius. A friendly village café sells tickets; nearby, village women sell lace, headscarves and carpets. Explore the main street, theatre, city gates, nymphaeum and temple to Tyche, goddess of

I am a Roman," she declared by way of a toast. For two weeks we were treated to a new performance every night at dinner. The countess would appear as an Indian maharajah or a Roman slave girl or something resembling a sequinned butterfly collection.

In Alahan the desire to fly almost overcame me: just strap on some wings, jump off the cliff and soar above this outrageously spectacular Byzantine monastery, there to take in the spiritual air before ascending to an even higher place – heaven, with any luck. There is nothing quite like Alahan. Its location, high up in the forested Taurus Mountains, is entirely to the point: a

staging post on the road to elevation.

The monastery sits on a narrow shelf overlooking the valley of the Göksu river and its surrounding mountains. The churches, from the late fifth and early sixth centuries, are grafted on to the rocks as if they have organically grown out of them, but elaborate friezes and reliefs show a delicate human hand at work. The font in the baptistry is in the shape of a cross and carved from rock.

But Alahan's reputation as a kind of Christian Delphi guaranteed that – helpfully intoxicated by altitude, the spicy smell of pine and whatever else was at hand – the early Pagan-Christian

rituals were vigorously exercised here.

The steep road up into these solitary mountains gradually prepares you for it: apricot and ecru cliff faces, charcoal-coloured rock formations, a thin bluish haze and then suddenly the odd tree decorated with coloured strips of fabric.

This is a modern ritual in Turkey, to bring good luck, to cover the whole gamut of wishes for something better in the future, and to entice God into making those wishes come true. Call it superstition, magic, an Anatolian form of flower power, whatever – the mountains edging this coast have always been home to it. ♦



DESERTED COVE. ABOVE: THE IMPRESSIVE MEDIEVAL CASTLE OF KIZKALESİ, NEAR SILIFKE

chance. The vast Zeus temple has the earliest Corinthian capitals in Anatolia.

ALAHAN
Above the ancient road over to the interior, at about 1,200 metres, is Alahan, a monastery complex once reused as a *han*. Take warm clothing. The monastery buildings command wide views over the Göksu from a south-facing terrace.

KANLIDIVANE
(east of Silifke)
A huge natural pit with Byzantine church ruins that rival the more famous nearby caves, "Heaven and Hell". A Hellenistic tower perches above a 400m-wide crater. Four half-standing early Byzantine churches ring the rim, rearing from

dense scrub. A path leads to the depths, past a carving of four Roman soldiers. Visit at sunset.

POMPEIOPOLIS
(12km west of Mersin)
Once a sophisticated harbour town with a population of a quarter million, Pompeiopolis was destroyed in a sixth-century earthquake. The

only visible remains are an impressive row of columns, each with a different capital, which lined the main street.

FOR FURTHER TRAVEL NOTES AND LINKS TO RELEVANT ARTICLES FROM PAST ISSUES OF CORNUCOPIA, VISIT OUR WEBSITE, www.cornucopia.net.

Kate Clow and Jacqueline de Gier travelled with Westminster Classic Tours, Suite 120, 266 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7DL (tel 44 (0) 1865 728 565, fax 728 575, e-mail info@wct99.com). The company is offering two 14-day cruises along the Cilician coast this September, each with a

classical lecturer and an experienced tour leader. The price per person is £1,595 sharing a twin or double cabin (less 10% for CORNUCOPIA subscribers), excluding flights. Jacqueline de Gier stayed in Antalya as a guest of the Sheraton Voyager (tel 90-242 238 5555, fax 5570/1).



ROUGH JOURNEYS: GEORGE

FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS TERENCE MITFORD AND GEORGE BEAN PAINSTAKINGLY IDENTIFIED AND RECORDED THE FORGOTTEN ANCIENT SITES OF TURKEY'S AEGEAN AND SOUTHERN SHORES. THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE COUNTRY'S

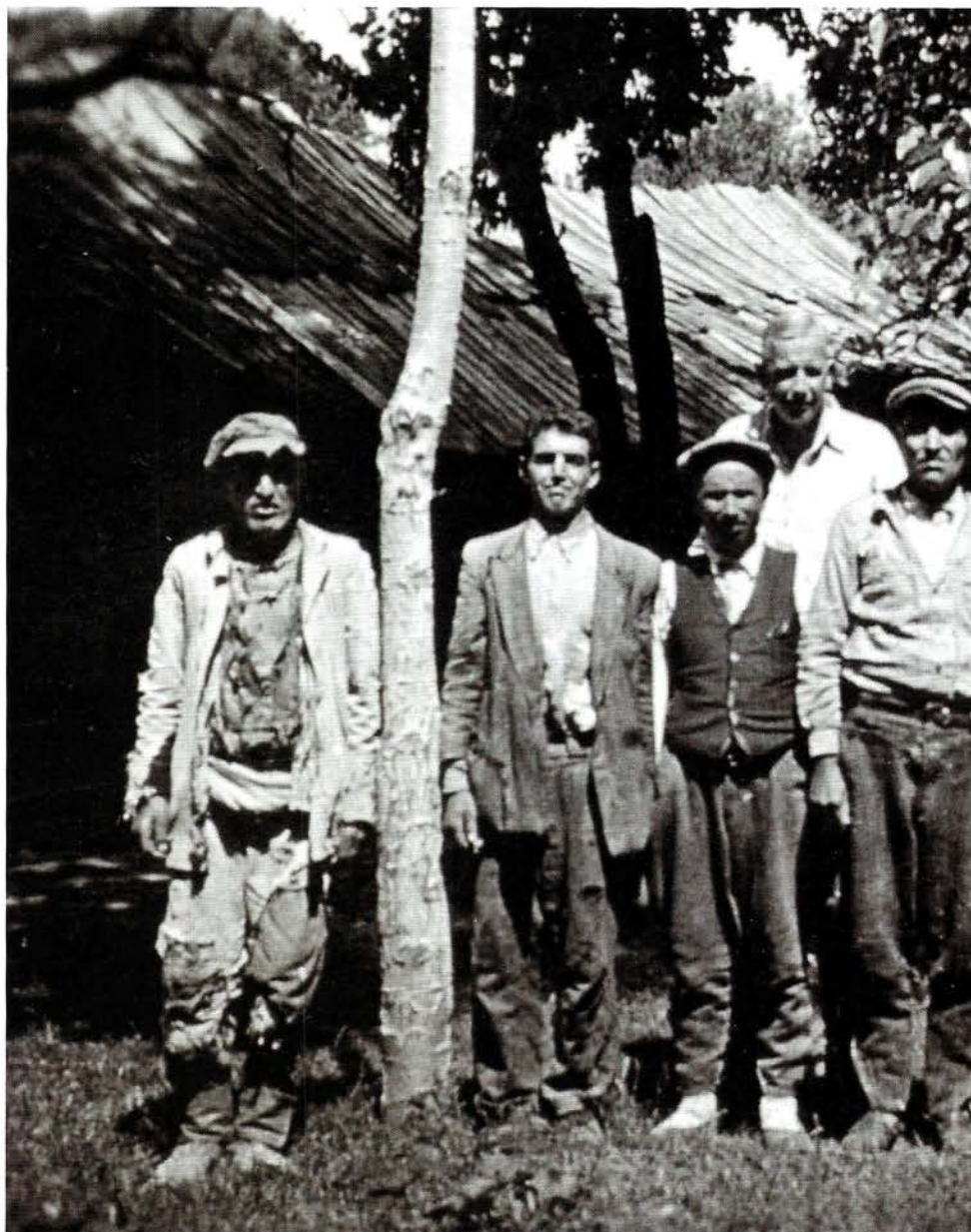


IN THE FIELD, ABOVE: GEORGE BEAN, LEFT, AND TERENCE MITFORD, RIGHT, WITH THEIR LOCAL ASSISTANT, THE SCHOOLMASTER OF GAZIPAŞA (JUNE 1965). RIGHT: BEAN WITH VILLAGE ELDERS NEAR ADANA

Heroes are easily acquired as a boy. I remember my eyes watering over the death of Antigonos Gonasta on the plains of central Anatolia in 301BC. The image of that 81-year-old warrior, desperately scanning the horizon for the late arrival of his cavalry under the command of his son Demetrius, seemed unbearably poignant. As the last of Antigonos's bodyguard were hacked to death on the hill at Ipsus, so died the unity of the empire of Alexander the Great.

I can no longer remember why I felt so passionately about Imperial unity as a schoolboy. Age brings with it decreasing respect. My barrel of heroes is now virtually empty. I am down to poets, prophets and historians. Among the latter, I include Terence Mitford and George Bean.

Their labour was to identify, record and tease out the ancient history of Turkey's Aegean shore. This they achieved, not for fame or fortune, but out of love for their work. Their influence is incalculable, for aside from identifying literally hundreds of



new inscriptions and sites, they acted as an unwitting catalyst for conservation. Their quiet dignity, humanity and learning impressed thousands of Turkish villagers with the importance of these monuments to their own past. Ruins that had

been used as occasional quarries were treated with new respect after they had received the attention of the two courteous British professors who spoke such beautiful Turkish.

The great body of the published work of George Bean and Terence

BEAN & TERENCE MITFORD

ARCHAEOLOGICAL HERITAGE IS INCALCULABLE, THEIR GUIDEBOOKS ARE LEGENDARY, YET THE MEN THEMSELVES ARE UNSUNG. BARNABY ROGERSON, IN THIS HOMAGE TO HIS HEROES, UNCOVERS AN EXTRAORDINARY PAIR: A GENTLE GIANT AND A MAN OF STEEL



Mitford is confined to that twilight world of monographs in learned journals. Typical of this output was the catalogue of Greek inscriptions from Side, Lycia and Cilicia that they had jointly prepared for the Austrian Academy.

Fortunately, almost by accident, George Bean, at the end of his academic career, began work on a series of archaeological guide books. These four volumes – *Aegean Turkey*, *Turkey beyond the Maeander*, *Turkey's Southern Shore* and *Lycian*

Turkey – were commissioned by the publisher Ernest Benn. George Bean died in 1977, just as the fourth volume was going to press. Together they form an extraordinary 850-page compendium of learning. The guides bridge the yawning gulf between the unreadable pedant and the gushing populist. They are lucid, neither talking down to nor losing the reader in the mysteries of a technical vocabulary. Above all they are authoritative – about the history of the place and about its spirit. They are also energetic. Having exhausted the reader with a complete exploration of Xanthus and the Letoön, it is typical of Bean casually to mention an ancient fortress, “an easy hour’s walk to the west of the site”. Reading further, one becomes aware that few other historians have walked this way since Fellowes made his first visit in 1840 and Bean checked up on his description in 1946.

The guides are thorough. Every important ancient site in the 750 kilometres between Pergamum and Alanya is described. This chunk of southwestern Turkey must be one of the richest archaeological regions in the world. It is a sublime landscape, a veritable Arcadia (or should one write Lycia?) of forests and rough, goat-grazed scrubland, limestone crags and well-watered valleys.

To those educated by centuries of European landscape painting and the ruin-hunting prose of John Betjeman and Rose Macaulay, this region of Turkey is a form of paradise. For many thousands of tourists, travellers, students and holidaymakers, Bean has been the guide to all this enchantment. His books have appeared in numerous editions, have been translated into dozens of languages, as well as pirated, pillaged and quarried by later writers. I determined to find out more about them.

Introductions turned out to be quite

easy to acquire. George Bean's widow, Jane, lives in the same Suffolk village as my step-grandmother and had played cards with her. I had also met Margaret Mitford, Terence Mitford's widow, many times, when a succession of my student friends lodged in her house.

No one could recall Terence Mitford ever mentioning any incident from his childhood. He was born in Japan and brought up in Asia, where his father worked as a writer and journalist. Later he was sent back to boarding school in Britain. Perhaps, as for many an expatriate boy, the exotic experiences of his childhood were buried to assure conformity with his new peer group. From the age of 13 to 18 he was educated at the London public school of Dulwich, and won a classics scholarship to Jesus College, Oxford, where his passion for rugby was considered to have distracted him from winning a double first. Instead of a mainstream academic career, he found a position teaching Latin to students at St Andrew's University. He started in 1932, working under the great Latin scholar WM Lindsay, but also took on the administrative post of Warden of St Salvator's College.

St Andrew's is an isolated Scottish medieval town, perched out on the edge of Fife and swept by the winds of the North Sea. It suited Mitford. After a four-year apprenticeship, he was appointed a lecturer in 1936, the same year he married Margaret, the elegant and clever daughter of Professor Herring. He was an inspiring personal tutor and a conscientious teacher of classics but not a great public speaker. From the start, he kept his academic interests separate from his job as a teacher. They were pursued as part of his private life.

Throughout the 1930s he used the long summer holidays to further his research into Greek scripts. He explored the Aegean, concentrating his attention on the island of Cyprus, which has a fascinating diversity of scripts and mysterious Bronze Age texts. It was this passion for scripts that brought Mitford and Bean together.

If Terence Mitford was a typically tough and independent-minded product of Britain's expatriate

diaspora, George Bean was more deeply rooted in the soil of Britain. Unlike Mitford, who seems to have existed almost without benefit of kin, Bean came from a supportive, encouraging family. His father, William Jackson Bean, had been something of a prodigy. Born in 1863, son of a hard-working Yorkshire tenant farmer, he had left Hull Grammar School at 14 to work as a gardener's boy on the Belvoir Castle estate in Leicestershire. He was good at his job, and aged 19 was appointed the tree nurseryman. A year later, his employer, recognising his exceptional abilities, put him forward as a candidate to join the staff at the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. It was a time when newly discovered species, especially shrubs, were pouring into Kew Gardens from botanists exploring southwest China. William rapidly became the expert on shrubs, a self-taught botanical scholar who would eventually rise to become curator of Kew. In his spare time, he wrote his encyclopaedic *Trees and Shrubs in the British Isles*, which was published in 1914. It is still in print, in its eighth monumental edition.

Though William Bean filled a prestigious post in Victorian society, he was short of money for his ambitions. His son, George, born in 1903, was sent to a private school in Richmond and then to St Paul's and, five years later, to Pembroke College, Cambridge. George had won scholarships at every level of his education, but even so William Bean's precious botanical library had to be sold to pay for his son's way through Cambridge. No such sacrifice was made for George's talented sister, who had to forge her own way through the school system.

George got a first in Part I of his finals, but failed to equal that in Part II. At the time, nothing less than a double first would have opened the doors of a university career for a man without private means. After graduating in 1923, George returned to St Paul's, to assist in the teaching of scholarship Greek.

George Bean was a gentle giant, a somewhat unworldly figure whose towering 6ft 6in frame only seemed to come alive on the golf course and tennis court. For many years he competed at Wimbledon (once

reaching the third round) and he played badminton for the Surrey County team. Elsewhere his agility was less noticeable: his pupils could find themselves knocked over if they failed to look out for the "grave and enormous strides of a frame shaped like an outsize robot, begowned and apparently carrying a toy brown attaché case".

Bean worked in tandem with fellow classicist Leslie Mathews, an ebullient, rumbustious extrovert who would teach Latin until noon on Wednesdays, after which they swapped classes and Bean would teach them Greek for the rest of the week. He was remembered as exceptionally rational, kind and polite, almost "too nice for the very young". One former pupil remembered balancing a wicker wastepaper basket over the door, which, when it fell down, turned their teacher into "the man in the wicker mask". Bean typically contented himself with the mildest of rebukes: "I say, friend, have a care there."

In the summer holidays of the 1930s he organised school trips to the classical sights of the Aegean. At first they were modest expeditions, but with the help of the Whittall family, a famous clan of English merchants in the Levant, they started exploring the Turkish coast around Izmir by boat. This was in the days when the local bus driver would get lost trying to find the way to Ephesus.

When the war came in 1939, as a teacher, Bean found himself in a reserved occupation. It was just as well, for though strong, he had not a drop of the aggressive temperament required for fighting. He volunteered for police work but was found to be too busy with his own thoughts to concentrate on the details of street life. Instead he served as a volunteer firefighter and nightwatchman in London at the height of the Blitz. It was a hazardous job, but one that occasionally allowed him to read right through the night.

In 1943 the British Council sent Bean off to work in Turkey, teaching English at Izmir. It seems an odd decision from a government department in the middle of a world war, but there may have been a



GEORGE BEAN, LEFT, WITH A VILLAGE ELDER, AND TERENCE MITFORD AND HIS ASSISTANT, A FORMER SERGEANT IN THE TURKISH ARMY

rationale. Nineteen-forty-three was a turning point in the war, on both the North African and Russian fronts. This advantage would immediately have been reversed if Turkey wavered from her strict neutrality. Bean was a pawn in the diplomatic chess game by which the Allied and Axis powers expressed the waning and the waxing of their influence in Turkey. A few years later George was recruited by a Turkish friend to help set up a new archaeological department in Istanbul.

Terence Mitford's experience of the war was in complete contrast to George Bean's. A swashbuckling cloak-and-dagger man, Mitford trained and led countless covert operations, many of which still remain secret. He was a model officer: tough, totally discreet and capable of independent action. He never talked about his wartime activities. The record is not entirely clear but he was commissioned into the Dorset Regiment in 1939 and almost immediately transferred to the Special Air Services, the SAS. He served under Pendlebury in the defence of Greece and was one of the heroic defenders of Crete against the German invasion in 1941. Thereafter he seems to have been based in Aleppo, training up an

irregular force of exiles, minorities and mountaineers. The operations of this branch of the Special Operations Executive are still shrouded in secrecy but included raids on Sicily and Iraq. He was later moved into the Special Boat Service, mounting operations in the Aegean before being parachuted back into Crete in 1944 to direct the partisans operating out of the villages of the White Mountains. His diary from these years, packed with military details, also records the chance discovery of ancient Greek inscriptions.

After the war he returned to his post at St Andrew's and his old habits. There he was the dedicated classics tutor, the keen sportsman, bird-watcher and family man who used his holidays to explore the ruin-haunted hills of Cyprus and southwestern Turkey.

The war years had deepened Mitford's existing character traits. He became even more single-minded, self-willed and independent, loathing cities and the world's growing obsession with speed and noise. Although he would later attend many a city-based academic conference, he seldom, if ever, made use of a hotel. In Athens he would walk out into the countryside

and sleep under an olive tree; in Cairo he slept in the sand dunes and at Oxford he would wrap himself in a copy of *The Times* and sleep in Port Meadow. Though trained in the use of every sort of mechanical device in wartime, he refused to drive, leaving that to his wife.

Mitford adored the wild places and could survive in any wilderness, either camping with his growing family (three sons and a daughter) or sleeping rough by himself. He was far removed from the image of a modern hiker or camping holidaymaker. He had no need for backpack, walking stick or wallet, let alone guide book. He would forage for his subsistence, be it sea urchins, eels, nettle soup or rabbits, and once spent a contented month on the bank of the Euphrates without spending so much as a bean.

Mitford's wartime colleagues – especially such fellow classicists as Professor Mann, Professor Nicholas Hammond and Patrick Leigh Fermor – formed a group of dependable friends. Beneath the austere, tough exterior there was a humorous, forgiving man who went to great trouble to encourage the academic career of one of his wartime adversaries.

After the war George Bean stayed on in Istanbul. As a foreigner he could never be given tenure or a senior post and officially he remained a temporary teacher of classics in the faculty of letters at the Istanbul University at Beyazit – a post he would occupy for 24 years. However, his Turkish colleagues made certain he was honoured as “Professor”. Away from the letterhead formality of the administration he was acknowledged to be one of Turkey's key men in the study of ancient scripts, an epigraphist.

He lived across the Golden Horn from the old city, in an apartment at Cihangir with a view of the Bosphorus. His holidays, from 1943 to 1971, were devoted to travelling around the villages of Turkey, discovering ancient remains, identifying cities and recording hundreds of Greek inscriptions.

In the competitive world of archaeology he was remarkable for his modesty and for his willingness to share his discoveries and help others

with information. Typical of this sort of labour was his work, with WM Calder, on creating a classical map of Asia Minor, which was printed in 1958. He survived on his modest salary, topped up by small allowances from British academic bodies such as the Society for Anatolian Studies and the Journal of Hellenic Studies, which just about paid the bus fare for his expeditions.

In the postwar period he began a fruitful relationship with Professor Keil of the Austrian Academy, who needed a colleague to check up on the work of Heberdey and Wilhelm. These two pioneers had collected an impressive body of inscriptions throughout Turkey in the late nineteenth century. They had made written copies of the stone carvings, but mistakes had crept in, thanks to the awkward conditions, tricks of light and variant Greek scripts. Another source of confusion was the transcription of the indigenous languages of Western Anatolia, such as Carian and Lycian, into Greek. Bean set out to make a perfect record of this unique historical source.

Terence Mitford had also embarked on a similar relationship with the Austrian Academy, though his interest remained focused on Cyprus and the nearby coast of Cilicia. Both men were by nature generous with their knowledge, but it helped their friendship that they specialised in different, if neighbouring, provinces and that Bean's passion was for Greek while Mitford was at heart a Latinist.

Above and beyond their passion for ancient scripts, they shared an extraordinary physical stamina. Their work was physically demanding stuff, especially in postwar rural Turkey, which had no maps, hotels, made-up roads or telephones. Bean would take a bus as far it went and then walk, if need be, for days. His impressive presence and fluent Turkish, spoken in a deep bass voice with an educated accent, made him unforgettable. The exquisite manners he had maintained, even in the vicious environment of an English public school, found their true home in the land of the Turks. He never allowed himself to appear in a rush or to stand on his dignity. Indeed at each

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WATER WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO
FIND, THE JUICE OF
WATERMELONS WAS USED**

village he visited he would respectfully wait upon the village headman and take coffee. Only in conversation would these men gradually find out that they were in the company of an eminent professor, and only after talking about the affairs of the village, the crops, the condition of the herds and the roads would they learn the purpose of his visit.

His patience was rewarded time and again as villagers rushed to assist him in his work. Doorsteps would proudly be dug up to reveal a buried inscription on the other side, while in the evening the local intellectuals, as well as the herdsmen, would be consulted on the location of carved stones in the hills. Bean would invariably be lodged as an honoured guest in the wooden house of the headman, though at 6ft 6in he often found conditions too constricting for "a full-grown man".

The taking of the inscriptions was no light task. The stones had first to be cleaned of lichen and dirt with a wire brush. Paper was then laid onto the carved stone, moistened with a spray and beaten into shape with a special soft brush. When water was impossible to find, the juice of watermelons was used. Theoretically any blotting paper could do the job, though Whatman's Filter Paper was found to be ideal. It was left to dry, then peeled off and carefully stored for the long journey back. Paper was

later replaced by latex, but while Mitford's and Bean's "squeezes" are still in perfect condition, stored in Vienna and Cambridge, the rubber has tended to rot.

The villagers, though they certainly respected the professor, did not always understand his mission. They would beg to be given a translation. Usually this was nothing more exciting than "So-and-so, son of so-and-so, is buried here and any transgressor of his tomb is to pay a fine to the town council." Hoping to hear of the whereabouts of buried treasure, the villagers were often disappointed. Many a time, after waiting for a suitable opportunity for a private consultation, they would whisper, "Tell us where to dig and we'll give you half the gold."

Eventually Bean's patient explanations were believed. His honesty only added to the reputation of the man they called Bin Bey and affectionately referred to as "the little minaret of Cilicia" or "the two-metre man". He knew nothing of corruption, not even the casual sweetener (usually no more than the price of a few coffees) which used to speed the way of bureaucracy. His second wife, Jane, remembers that even after living in Istanbul for twenty years George remained blissfully ignorant of these traditions and found it impossible to book their marriage until he was advised that a ten-lira note would help the process along.

Jane Bean knew quite a bit about Turkey before she married George. Since 1952 she had taught at the English High School for Girls on Istiklal Caddesi, where a rooftop kindergarten caught the evening breeze. She first met George when he was playing spillikins with his friend George Chapman, then the only British-trained chartered accountant in Istanbul. George had separated from his first wife after six years of marriage. Jane and George got on well immediately.

Of the rigours of field archaeology Jane remained in some state of ignorance. Before her first trip George casually mentioned that she might "pack some thick pajamas". The trip had few of the ingredients now considered indispensable for a

romantic weekend break. All the rooms in the village house were lined with beds, and washing was a communal experience that took place under an old kerosene can fitted to a dripping tap. At the 1959 Pazarlık dig, led by JM Cook, the newly married Jane found herself in charge of the "kitchen" – an iron triangle fed by pine cones. George gallantly insisted on fetching the water, potatoes and meat for his young bride, though after his choice of veal was found to be an old cow that had died a horrible death on the road, he was relieved of the latter duty. On another trip in 1961, Jane, feeling the strain of an all-day march, found that Terence Mitford had dropped back to chat her through the last gruelling five miles.

She took to the life. Alongside the hard work and rough conditions, there was inextinguishable excitement and romance to it all. She remembers the polished wooden floors of the village houses strewn with kilims in honour of the guests. Other nights would be spent sleeping rough on the floor of a deserted Byzantine chapel covered in bed rolls borrowed from a local shepherd. In the morning, at dawn, they walked up a dry river, stopping for breakfast at a village many hours later.

She remembers the extraordinary courtesy of the people. On one occasion they stopped to ask directions from a shopkeeper, who locked up his shop and insisted on walking the first two miles with them to check they were on the right road before returning to his work.

If archaeology was still in its infancy, tourism hadn't even been thought of. Troy was a forbidden military zone; the only bed available at Antalya was in the Archaeological Institute, and it was not until 1964 that they first made use of a car on any of their expeditions. It is extraordinary to think that only a generation ago there was just a single track out of Alanya, no forestry tracks and no road east of Anamur.

Once or twice George Bean and Terence Mitford managed to persuade some of their Turkish academic colleagues from Istanbul to join them on their trips. It was not always a success: the urbane scholars from the old Ottoman cities were

IF ARCHAEOLOGY WAS STILL IN ITS INFANCY, TOURISM HADN'T EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF. TROY WAS A FORBIDDEN MILITARY ZONE; THE ONLY BED AVAILABLE IN ANTALYA WAS IN THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

often disgusted by conditions in the villages and could not hide their disdain for the widespread illiteracy. One such effete friend developed a morbid fear of their mountain village base and begged to be taken back and buried in Izmir.

Few archaeologists could practise George Bean's saint-like patience as he sat for hours on a hard wooden chair, waiting for the initial suspicion of the villagers to break into hospitality. Well did Bill Campbell write: "George Bean was a deeply generous man, who loved and was loved by poor farmers, struggling day labourers who helped him to excavate, map and preserve, and by the faithful wardens of small museums – some of them merely guardians set to watch over remote and rarely visited sites. Visit any of these places and say you are a friend of 'Uzun boylu Profesör Bean' and you have a village full of friends. In a period when Turkey's treasures were often endangered and many lost abroad, George Bean stood forth as a scholar... determined to find, describe and keep that heritage... for the benefit of the noble and generous Turkish people to whom it has descended."

No single man knew the countryside of southwestern Turkey so well. At a dinner in London he was sitting next to the publisher Ernest Benn, and talked about the irritating inaccuracies of the old *Blue Guide to Turkey*. By the end of the evening they had sketched out an idea for a

new series of archaeological guides. To perfect the research for these, Bean needed to crisscross his old haunts, which he did while continuing to hunt out new inscriptions.

Many of these trips, especially in the 1960s, were undertaken with Mitford. As a conclusive mark of their friendship, they published a book together, *Journeys into Rough Cilicia*, covering their joint explorations in June and July 1961, June and October 1962 and June 1963.

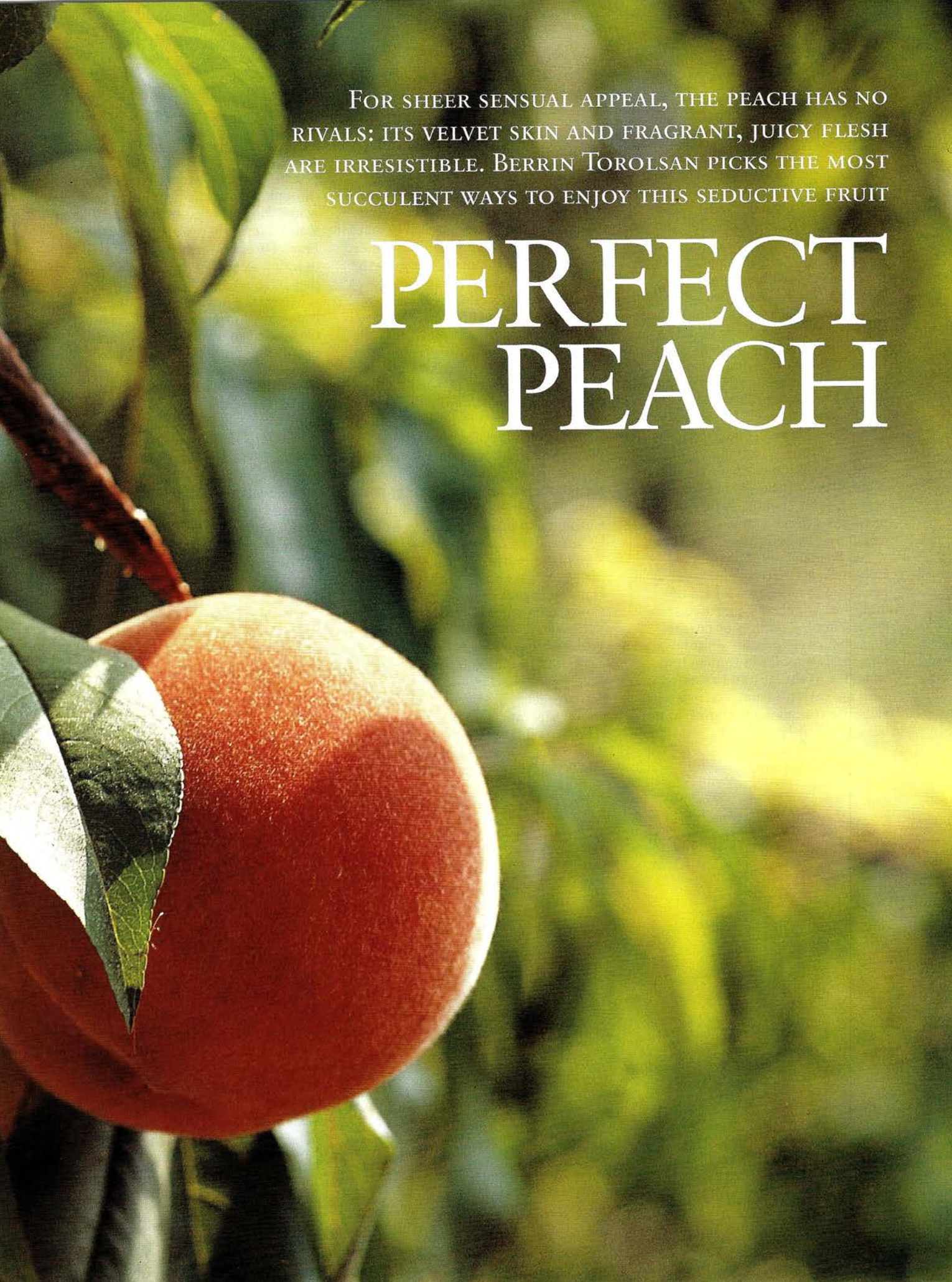
In 1964 Bean started writing the guide books in earnest, starting with the Aegean volume. That year both Jane Bean and Margaret Mitford were pregnant and the men travelled alone. In June 1965 they all explored Cilicia together and again in June 1966. By the 1970s the great period of adventurous travel for the two men was coming to a close. It was less a lack of physical stamina, though both were now over 65, than a desperate need to write up their lives' work. Mitford was infuriated to find himself falling asleep at his desk in the afternoon, and there was simply not enough time.

They would die – Bean in 1977, Mitford in 1978 – as they had lived, working to the last. Mitford's study on Roman Cilicia and Roman Cyprus and Bean's guide to Lycia were published posthumously. Books, articles and memorial lectures remain to perpetuate their names.

Though their style of modesty, energy, commitment and integrity is increasingly rare, it has not completely vanished. Something of the spirit of the two survives yet. George Bean's daughter is clearly in possession of a gift for language, teaching and travel. Sitting across the table from Commander Mitford, one of Terence Mitford's sons, the sense of continuity was strong. When I confessed a long-term interest in the Roman Saharan frontier, his eyes lit up with unmistakable passion as he unrolled some hand-drawn maps of Eastern Turkey. I was talking to one of the world's foremost experts on the Roman frontier of Anatolia. ♦

Barnaby Rogerson is a traveller, publisher and historian of North Africa. The fourth edition of his 'Cadogan Guide to Morocco' came out in 2000, price £15.99





FOR SHEER SENSUAL APPEAL, THE PEACH HAS NO RIVALS: ITS VELVET SKIN AND FRAGRANT, JUICY FLESH ARE IRRESISTIBLE. BERRIN TOROLSAN PICKS THE MOST SUCCULENT WAYS TO ENJOY THIS SEDUCTIVE FRUIT

PERFECT PEACH

Dedicated to Venus by the Romans, no other fruit has so many symbolic and material associations with sensual beauty. Lovely soft pink flowers are followed by crimson velvety fruit, soft and round, with a heavenly taste and aroma.

Peaches – like plums, apricots, almonds and cherries – belong to the rose family. Botanic historians believe they originated in China, since the earliest mention known to us is in a Chinese ritual of the fifth century BC. In the remote past, they spread westwards, growing wherever climate and conditions permitted. The ancient Greeks and Romans found the peach in Persia and took it west and north. They called it *Prunus persica*. By the first century, Pliny, who did not think that it was native to “Greece or Natolia”, mentions a dozen kinds of peach. Some he describes specifically as “Asiatic”.

The Roman culinary writer Columella gives recipes for pickled peaches and *defrutum*, a kind of molasses, or *pekmez*, prepared from grapes, apples, quinces or peaches. Fragrant, sweet peaches must have been immensely popular in Roman times, when it was the custom to finish a meal with the season’s fruit. Today we still value the fruit as a good finale to a heavy protein-based meal.

The kernel, which contains prussic acid, should be avoided. In folk

medicine, its milk was mixed with olive oil and applied to the forehead to induce sleep and relieve migraines. Before insulin, diabetes was treated with peach kernels. On the cosmetic front, the kernels were boiled in vinegar to form a thick liquid that was applied to the scalp to stimulate hair growth and cure baldness. The fruit itself was prescribed for its cooling, demulcent qualities. As Culpeper said, “Venus owns the tree and opposes with it the ill effect of Mars.”

There are two types of peach – the clingstone (*et şeftali*, in Turkish, derived from the Persian *şeftalû*) and the freestone (*yarma şeftali*). Evliya Çelebi, the seventeenth-century traveller, praised the clingstone peaches of Edirne for their rosy cheeks. He also admired the peaches of Erzurum in far eastern Anatolia, Gordes in the west and Gaziantep in the southeast. In Istanbul he talks of the famous orchards of Kasımpaşa on the Golden Horn and their ruby peaches. A century earlier, Hans Dernschwam, in his *Journey to Constantinople and Little Asia in 1553–1555*, wrote: “From almonds, the Turks sieve sweet water to drink [*şerbet*]; they obtain it from all sorts of fruit, pears, peaches and cherries... Better peaches are brought from afar, do not separate from the stone and are yellow. You may get one for an asper.” (One asper was the price of a bun.)

In 1898 Mahmut Nedim bin Tosun

gave a recipe for peach *şerbet*, which he thought particularly delicate. Ripe peaches are washed, peeled and sieved through muslin, mixed with sweetened water and sprinkled with orange flower water. He warns against the use of Frank (Western) peaches: their skin is as tough as leather, he complains, and they have no aroma whatsoever.

Many local varieties must once have been grown in Turkey, but Bursa was the last haven for peach varieties before the food-chain industrialists forced monoculture on farmers. Peach orchards were called *hülülük* – from *hüh*, the Arabic for peach. Some gardens still grow a juicy, aromatic clingstone peach named *hülü*. Its skin is only slightly downy, its flesh white and succulent

Yeşil türbe is a small, round freestone variety with a purplish tint to its downy skin and greeny-white flesh. *Sultanî* is a juicy, sweet, saffron-coloured freestone peach, so delicious, I am told, that even unripe it could be eaten like a plum – not the case with other peaches. A downy, tasty but less juicy freestone peach, *küçük yarma*, the size of a tangerine, was popular because it could be neatly torn open with the hands like an apricot, and enjoyed without covering the eater in peach juice.

Another variety, which I have not seen since I was a child, is a flat peach known as *ikiz şeftali*, or “twin peach” (*P. platycarpa*). A flat, freestone peach, it was the shape and size of a doughnut and used to fruit in pairs on a branch. Its sweet, dry flesh was so fragrant that it was like eating a flower-scented pastry. There were two types, one producing white blossom, the other pink. No one I have asked can remember if they tasted different.

One spring a small fruit tree appeared in our garden. At first we assumed it was an almond, but when the fruit developed and we saw the stone, it was without doubt a peach. The fruit never grew bigger than a walnut and was practically all stone. The taste was almost bitter, but the most surprising thing was the overpowering perfume. It resembled the fragrance of those flat peaches. We collected about ten of the peaches that year and made a jam from them. It was ambrosial.

The nectarine is closely related to the peach. Its flesh is juicy, but the skin is finer and without down. I don’t know how many varieties used to exist, but



THE BEST PLACE TO FEAST ON PEACHES IS THE ORCHARD ITSELF







the famous Stanwick nectarine, for which John Barker, the British consul in Antakya in the 1830s, was awarded a silver medal, is still ranked highly in fruit catalogues. It was originally cultivated by him on his Hidirbey estates in Hatay, on the Syrian border.

Today only two varieties of peach are to be found in Istanbul. One arrives at the beginning of summer: a small, white-fleshed clingstone. But the best is the crimson *yarma* peach that gluts the markets and shops from July to September. Similar to the French *hâlé* peach, it travels and keeps well and so is preferred by farmers. The yellow flesh is fragrant, sweet and juicy; it has a freestone around which the flesh is a beautiful carnation red. When ripe, its fine skin peels away effortlessly.

Fresh, ripe peaches are so good that it is a shame to cook or process them. But when they are under-ripe, poaching makes them tender. It is worth remembering that cut fruit discolours easily, so it is useful to have a lemon to hand and to avoid metal utensils – use plastic sieves and glass bowls, and stainless-steel knives. Peach-juice stains are extremely difficult to remove, so take care when eating very ripe peaches.

Buy only the freshest fruits and only as many as you will use immediately – peaches do not keep. If they are picked under-ripe and stored cold – as they are in most supermarkets and all hotels – the level of enzymes that make the insoluble pectin soluble will be reduced. Texture and flavour suffer, and the flesh becomes rubbery and, if cold-stored, mealy.

To be at its best, a peach should ripen on the tree. As Christopher Lloyd says in his book *Gardener Cook*, “The difference in flavour between a fruit culled at exactly the right moment from your own tree and one picked weeks before ripe for the sake of marketing, has to be experienced to be believed.” I could not agree more.

ŞEFTALİ KOMPOSTOSU PEACH COMPÔTE

4 firm peaches (preferably freestone)
4 glasses water
2 cups granulated sugar

This is a very good way to use unripe peaches or out-of-season fruit lacking in taste. Don't bother peeling the skin. If the skin is left on, the colour will transfer to

the flesh beneath. The skin can be slipped off easily after the compôte is cooked.

1 Wash, pat dry and halve the fruit (by slicing all the way round with a knife and twisting in half). Remove the stone.

2 In a large pan, heat the water with the sugar to prepare a syrup. When boiling, drop the peach halves into the syrup, reduce the heat and poach them gently until tender.

3 With a slotted spoon, transfer the peach halves to a serving bowl. Simmer the syrup for five minutes more, until it thickens slightly, and pour over the fruit. Serve chilled.

ŞEFTALİ TURŞUSU PICKLED PEACHES

8 under-ripe peaches
250g sugar
500ml white wine vinegar
1 dessertspoon peppercorns
1 dessertspoon cloves

This is an ancient recipe and delicious served with cold meats. It should work well with nectarines, too.

1 Wash the peaches, halve, and remove the stones.

2 Add the sugar, vinegar, peppercorns and cloves to a large saucepan and place over a low heat until the sugar dissolves.

3 Place the peaches in the vinegar and sugar mixture, bring to simmering point and gently poach for 15 minutes.

4 Transfer the peaches, still hot, to a clean jar or crock. Boil the syrup rapidly to reduce it a little and pour over the peaches. Seal and store until needed.

ŞEFTALİ REÇELİ PEACH PRESERVE

1kg or 4 large peaches
1kg granulated sugar
Juice of 1 lemon

Peach preserve is made in August, when peaches are plentiful and cheap. As it cooks, its delicious aroma fills the house. Savour it as a winter treat.

1 Wash, peel and halve the peaches.

Stone and cut into bite-size chunks.

2 Place the fruit in a large pan, add the sugar and leave, covered, overnight.

3 The next day, put the pan on a very low heat. There is no need to add any water – the juice, which is released from the peaches with the weight of the sugar,

is sufficient – but the heat should be very gentle so as not to caramelize the sugar.

4 Allow to simmer for about 45 minutes until the peaches become translucent.

Add the lemon juice, turn up the heat a little and bring the preserve to the boil just once, then remove from the heat.

5 While still warm, transfer to clean jars, label and store in a cool dark place.

ŞEFTALİ DONDURMASI PEACH SORBET

4 or 5 ripe peaches
Juice of half a lemon
300g sugar
1 1/2 glasses water

The amount of sugar needed depends on the sweetness of the fruit and should be adjusted accordingly. In Turkey, peaches are very sweet.

1 Peel and stone the peaches and purée in a food processor or work through a plastic sieve. Sprinkle with lemon juice and set aside.

2 Dilute the sugar in water and bring to simmering point until it is completely dissolved. Leave to cool.

3 When cold, mix with the peach pulp, chill the mixture and taste for sweetness. Freeze in an ice cream maker.

ŞEFTALİ ŞEMSIYESİ SUN-BAKED PEACH LIQUEUR

1kg fresh peaches
1kg sugar
1 cinnamon stick
1 or 2 cloves
1 bottle (700ml) vodka

I have not personally tried this little recipe, but it comes from a reliable source: the textbook of the Istanbul Chefs' School written in the 1920s. It sounds delicious, especially for those with a sweet tooth.

1 Peel, stone and cut the peaches into cubes and fill a jar with them. Cover with the sugar and leave on a sunny windowsill for a month, turning the jar from time to time.

2 At the end of the month the sugar will be completely dissolved and the peaches preserved. Add the cinnamon, cloves and vodka, and store the jar in the fridge.

3 Serve chilled as a digestif, with a small slice of fresh peach in each glass. ♦



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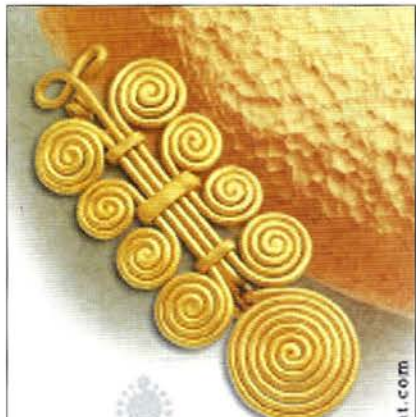
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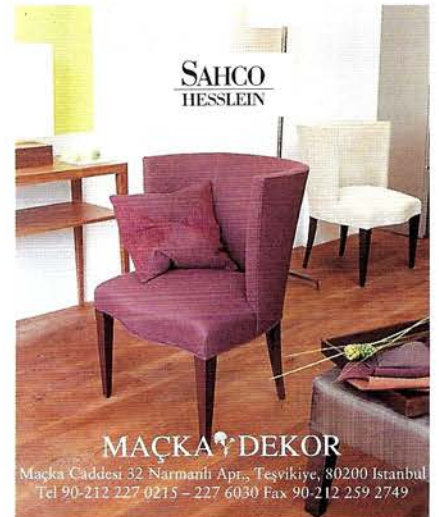
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A HUNDRED YEARS' WORTH OF CASTS ARE LAID OUT LIKE JIGSAW PIECES ON THE FLOOR OF THE PALACE OF ST EUGENE IN BEYOĞLU. THESE ARE KEMAL CIMBIZ'S WORKING ARCHIVE, NOW USED FOR NEW BUILDINGS AS WELL AS RESTORATION





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MAJOR BUILDING IN
ISTANBUL FROM THE 1850S
TO THE 1940S.









One of the oldest cities in the world, Istanbul is a labyrinth and a battleground of architectural styles.

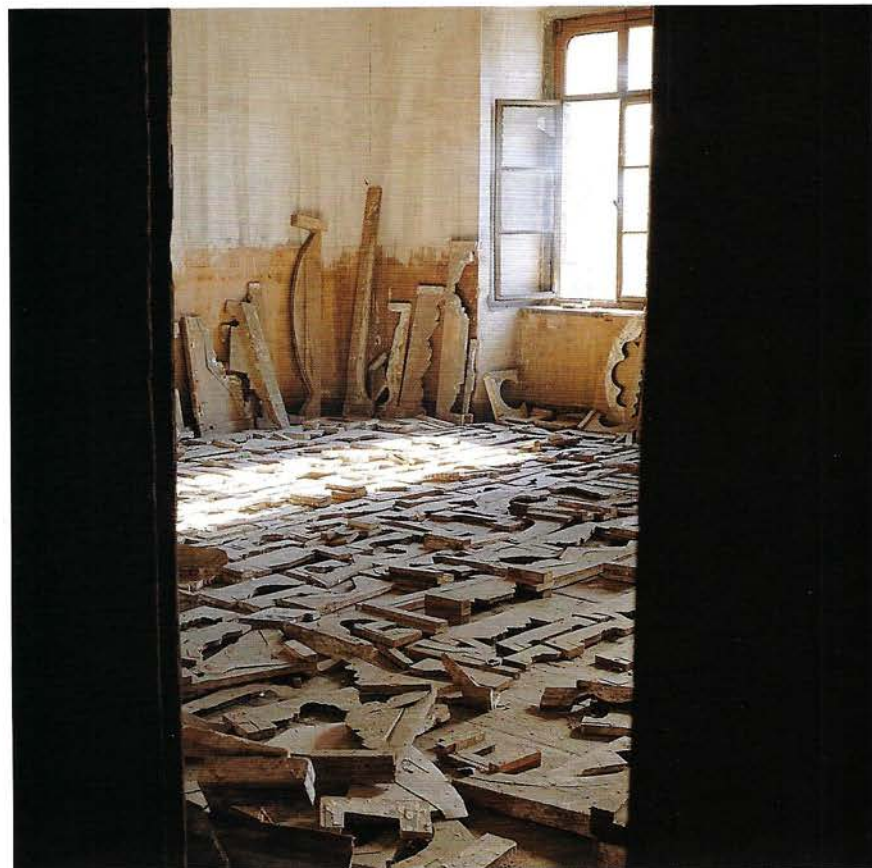
Genoese, Byzantine, Ottoman, Levantine and pre- and post-war European buildings jostle for attention. One narrow side street meanders into another or suddenly stops dead in a cul-de-sac full of architectural surprises heaped one on top of the other.

This cornucopian quality is at its most intense on the left bank of the Golden Horn. Above the tall, glass-faced office buildings lining the quayside still stands the medieval Genoese tower, built in 1267. Radiating from it are streets lined with the tall, fin-de-siècle townhouses of wealthy Greek, Jewish and Armenian merchants. Next to the remains of the old Italian colony's city walls is a massive Moorish mosque,

built in the 1300s, with a most unusual tower as its minaret. It has been restored many times, most recently in 1913, when a street fountain was added in purest Art Nouveau.

A short walk brings you to the doors of the Dominican church, St Peter and St Paul, built in the sixteenth century and restored in 1841 by the Fossati brothers, Swiss architects introduced to Istanbul by the Tsar to restore Aya Sofya (Nicholas promised to pay but eventually left it to the Sultan).

The world's first metro, the Tünel, climbs the steep hill from the quayside to Pera. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries European ministers built their embassies here on both sides of a long, narrow avenue, the Grand' Rue de Pera, alongside their churches and cathedrals, Art Nouveau apartment blocks and theatres and cinemas.



OPPOSITE: A DELICATE EMPIRE LAUREL MOTIF, A FAVOURITE FOR MIRROR FRAMES.
ABOVE: A ROOM OF WOODEN 'PROFILES' USED TO SHAPE WET PLASTER INTO CORNICES

Later came Art Deco shopping arcades.

Next to the Tünel station, the cypress trees of a fifteenth-century Mevlevi dervish convent mask the bell tower of Christ Church, the Crimean memorial church, built in rustic Gothic style by George Street, architect of the Law Courts in London.

A steep lane drops behind this little corner of England to the district of Tophane, the Ottoman Arsenal. In a street leading to Tom Tom Kaptan Sokak and the residence of the Italian ambassador, you will find a certain arched doorway. It gives nothing away. Push it open and you step onto a terrace. On one side is a wilderness that must once have been a formal garden, now dominated by a giant wisteria and home to dogs and chickens. On the other side is the dilapidated façade of the neo-Renaissance palazzo known as St Eugène.

Built on land granted by the Sultan to the French Soeurs de la Charité, St Eugène served as an orphanage from

1868 until 1937. Today it remains under French protection and houses the workshop of Ibrahim Kemal Cimbiz.

Kemal Cimbiz is a plaster-caster. He is sixty now but clearly remembers the day when his father, a modest shopkeeper in Tophane, first brought him here to learn a craft. As Turkish custom goes, when a boy is given over to be an apprentice, the parents tell the master, "His flesh is yours, the bones are ours", indicating that the master has full authority over the novice and is responsible for his education and good behaviour. Kemal's master was a kindly Armenian plaster-caster by the name of Garabet Cezayirliyan, whose family had been responsible for setting alight the blaze of styles on Istanbul's façades.

He spoke four languages and was a patient man. "Forget about beating," Kemal Cimbiz says. "He never uttered a cross word."

Kemal was skilled and obedient and proved quick to learn. He became like a son to Cezayirliyan and remained with



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him until the end of his life. When his master died in 1982, Kemal inherited the workshop and himself became a master of decorative sculpture. It is his proud boast that among countless Greek, Armenian and Turkish apprentice boys brought here by their fathers, he was the only one to succeed. He is, in fact, the first modern Turkish master in the art of moulding and casting plaster, or *carton-pierre* (French was the lingua franca of the polyglot craftsmen of nineteenth-century Pera).

"Are you as tolerant of your apprentices as your master was of you?" I asked.

"No, I'm not tolerant. When something's wrong, I bawl. But the real problem is the lack of proper apprentices nowadays. Fathers want their sons to be doctors or engineers, something distinguished. Sons want to be footballers, singers or racing drivers. They don't care to learn a skill." Nevertheless, Kemal has a team of ten people working for him, including his daughter and son.

Five generations of Cezayirlians decorated the salons and façades of Istanbul with their plasterwork. The family originated in Algeria – Cezayir in Turkish. Kemal does not know when they settled in Kayseri, in central Anatolia, a city famed for its masons, but we do know that in the 1840s, when Sultan Abdülmecid commissioned his imperial architect, Balyan, to embark on the new Dolmabahçe Palace on the Bosphorus, Balyan turned to his fellow Armenian, Cezayirliyan (great-grandfather of Kemal's master), to undertake the Rococo decoration.

In the early days of the Ottoman empire, only mosques, hospitals, schools, soup kitchens and baths were built of stone. Other buildings, even those of the sultan, were made of wood. But fires proved so devastating that eventually stone and brick became standard. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, palaces, foreign embassies and even the waterside mansions of Ottoman grandees, were being built in stone or brick to resist fire, if not earthquakes, as were all non-Muslim quarters.

With an impressive clientele hungry for new status symbols, the plaster-caster's business must have been a flourishing one. Fashion moved on from Baroque to Rococo, then to Neoclassical, Art Nouveau and Art

Deco. Fresh money poured into the whorls and curlicues, rosettes, medallions, coats-of-arms and caryatids, all the aspirational trappings that were grist to the plaster-caster's mill. All those stuccos, architraves, stalactites, friezes, reliefs, pilasters, capitals, consoles and cornices, enriched with flowers, fruits, branches, shells and cornucopias, were indispensable in the stamping of style, period and esteem on the façade of any self-respecting mansion or office.

Kemal's workshop today is really a museum. Here, in the vast rooms of this crumbling townhouse, inch-deep in plaster dust, he hoards the moulds for some 3,000 different ornaments representing every period of architectural history. "When I see an old building in Istanbul, I recognise



FROM APPRENTICE TO MASTER
CRAFTSMAN: KEMAL CIMBIZ IN HIS
WORKSHOP IN THE 1950S, LEFT,
AND RIGHT, TODAY

the moulds the decoration was made from," he says, "moulds I have spent a lifetime with. I feel overjoyed that even though they were created long before my time, I still have the opportunity to recreate the ornaments using exactly the same moulds."

The French, Italian, British and Dutch embassies, the legendary Pera Palace Hotel, built for Wagon-Lits passengers on the Orient Express, the imperial Ottoman Bank, the fin-de-siècle Alhambra and Alkazar cinemas, the *konak* of the City Governor in Nişantaşı; buildings up and down the Bosphorus, from the Huber mansion in Tarabya and Sait Halim Pasha's yalı in Yeniköy on the upper reaches, to the Malta Kiosk in Abdülhamid's Yıldız Park and the nineteenth-century Nusretiye and Dolmabahçe mosques overlooking the lower stretches; even the Atatürk loggia in the new parliament in Ankara... the list goes on and on.

Kemal's favourites, he says, are the cornices of the Sait Halim Pasha yalı. "They all speak a language of their

own – Ionic, Corinthian, Empire, Arabesque, Ottoman, Byzantine." The yalı was gutted by fire four years ago, but, thanks to Kemal, the ornamentation at least can now be restored.

The key to the whole business lies in the moulds, taken from sculpted clay models. The older moulds, or "negatives", were made from ground-up bones mixed with gum arabic. They survive to be used and reused because they are so beautifully made and give better results than their modern silicone counterparts. Gypsum, or plaster of Paris, is powdered lime, which sets hard when mixed with water. It was used for indoor plastering; jute or cellulose pulps were employed as fillers and gum arabic as a binder. Harder, stone cement, impervious to weather and damp, was used outdoors. Modern slow-hardening materials make the job considerably easier.

With the decline of Art Deco, Istanbul's taste for grandiose decoration faded into post-war minimalism. Official buildings in the Bauhaus style inspired faceless apartment blocks that would only be relieved by swimming-pool-mosaic facing in the Sixties. Life for Kemal's master could not have been easy.

When Kemal himself took over, seventeen years ago, plaster-casting was a thing of the past. He kept himself busy gilding and repairing Louis XV-style furniture and restoring ornaments on the occasional historic building. Then came Postmodernism and with it the fashion for the new bourgeoisie to build flats with the pretensions of palaces, and mosques with the splendour, if not the aesthetics, of their Ottoman ancestors. Yes, Kemal says, business has picked up, but...

Today, below the gleaming mirror facets of the modern Swissôtel, the blue waters of the Bosphorus still reflect the façade of the Dolmabahçe Palace. The moulds once used to decorate this noble building, with its veil of finest stone lace, remain in Kemal's caring hands. They could not have a better home. ♦

Ibrahim Kemal Cimbiz
Zanaat Atelye, Boğazkesen Cad 161,
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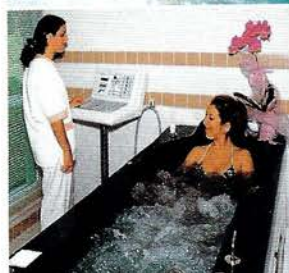
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VILLAGE VOICES

INSTALLED IN HER NEW HOUSE NEAR IZNIK, AZIZE ETHEM IS HEARTENED BY A PROPER WHITE WINTER AND A RIOTOUS SPRING, NEGOTIATES THE VAGARIES OF A PIOUS WORKFORCE AND FLUCTUATING ELECTRICITY, AND IS MISTAKEN FOR A NATIVE PEASANT

Winter

I haven't seen the seasons so clearly defined as they are here in Iznik since I left England as a small child. Here, much further north than Dereköy, we had a winter with crunchy white frosts and several times a dusting of snow. Each night as I made my way to the seedling shed to light the wood stove, the vapour from my breath would fog my glasses. The trees in our small orchard looked stark and bare, with the empty bird's nests all visible in the leafless willows. The magpies, sparrows and finches cleaned the bird table of fresh supplies within minutes. A pair of grey herons wintered on the edge of the stream, and the two strange-looking ducks perched in the poplars – identified with the aid of binoculars and bird book – turned out to be pigmy cormorants.

Arriving each morning hidden under a layer of coats and scarves, the gardener would hurry to check that I had not let the seedlings freeze. Not once did I forget to light the fire, but his lack of trust in me was evident. He was much happier when we were away for a few days and he could nightly ride the three miles on his decrepit bicycle to light the heater himself.

Spring

The first hint of spring was the faint soft green of the tiny buds on the willow branches. Within days birds began to arrive from their winter feeding grounds. First the

robin, wren and meadow pipit, soon followed by storks, herons, egrets and a host of smaller species. At the end of March there was a sudden explosion of blossom and green. I looked up green in the thesaurus, but there were not enough words to describe all the different hues.

Everywhere I looked there was renewed life. Field mushrooms abounded and watercress choked the stream. The seedlings which had sat sedate in the unsightly plastic shed for months suddenly threatened to become triflids. The miles of fruit trees in bloom looked like a scene from the lid of a chocolate box. Extra workers were hired to tame the weeds and plant out our thousands of plants. Beer and bran had to be put out nightly to lure snails and the *dana burnu*, which were akin to the biblical plague of locusts.

Eagles soared in pairs while all around us was a frenzy of nest-building. We woke each morning to the sound of tractors ploughing and the spraying of fruit trees.

The local men changed into their summer clothing, which involved removing several layers and replacing their large woolly hats with smaller woolly hats adorned with frivolous pom-poms. I think the women removed a cardigan or two, but it was hard to tell.

This was not the spring of Shelley or Tennyson, it was a loud blaze of colour with a blatant fecundity my mother would have found rather vulgar. Anatolia is the home of the ancient earth-mother goddess Cybele, goddess of nature and fertility. I now

understand why the statuettes depict her as a huge, large-breasted woman. Asia Minor is no place for those late-comers Venus, Aphrodite or Pan. They are far too pale and ethereal to preside over a spring such as ours.

Power to the people

When I lived in the Australian bush our house was at the end of the electricity grid and sometimes we got brighter light by using a couple of candles. In Saudi Arabia the generator kept dying, and in Dereköy it was a repeat of the Australian story. Most of my life I have been trained to turn off everything else if I want to use the washing machine, so I wasn't the slightest perturbed when here in Iznik we had the voltage problems I consider the norm.

We would probably be still living in the twilight zone if it wasn't for the central heating. At great expense we had a team of workers cluttering up the place for days. When they had stolen half my dressing room to install a motor and affixed horrid dazzling white heaters everywhere, they then tested it. It didn't work.

More experts arrived to look, mutter and drink tea. Changes were made and it still didn't work. Istanbul engineers arrived to poke, mutter, drink tea and make changes... It didn't work. Days stretched to weeks as various theories were tested.

Eventually someone measured the voltage and it was found we had 163 volts when something near 240 was needed. Ömer the

electrician was called. Selim went off to the electricity board to fill in a sheaf of forms to request that the electricity be cut off while Ömer did something magical up the pole. We needed two clips on the wires and our voltage would soar, we were informed. Power off. Ömer up the pole. Clips in place... voltage zoomed up to 165.

There was nothing for it but a voltage regulator. This was delivered from Bursa a few days later at the cost of my whole year's gardening budget. The central heating men arrived to watch Ömer do whatever it takes to hook this monster to the fuse box. Once installed, it started humming quietly, intermittently making clicking noises. Immediately the central heating began to work. Everyone congratulated everyone else and we were left with our new humming, clicking addition to the sounds of nature.

The changes have been amazing. The microwave zaps in half the time it used to and the fax paper no longer crawls through the machine. The appliance that gave me the greatest surprise was my hair-dryer. A gentle machine which took an age to dry my hair on high is now suddenly akin to a Force 10 gale.

For the first time in my adult life I'm working on full power.

I'm a linguist

Still wearing my gardening clothes, I nipped down to the old city walls to see if I could find any wild thyme. As I was kneeling on the road verge, I saw a rental car drive

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up and a group of Americans get out to look at the walls.

The two women came and stood over me as they discussed the natives. "They pick the 'erbage' and use it in salads," said the large one.

"Her husband must be around somewhere – she wouldn't be driving that old crate herself," said the other.

The thin one crouched down beside me and took my earth-encrusted hand. "Is this the Lefke Gate?" she enunciated slowly.

"Yes," I said.

"Is your husband in the fields?"

"No," I said.

"You must be very proud to live in such a historical town," the large one commented.

"Yes," I said.

One of the men, who had been taking photos, walked over and pressed 1 million lira into my hand. The large woman, seeing me overcome with emotion, patted my shoulder.

As they drove away one of them called out of the window: "Your English is wonderful."

A very rare breed

On buying the farm, along with Ali the Shadow, we inherited a large hairy dog named Simba. The locals have assured us he is very valuable. He is a cross between a St Bernard and a Cumberland. There is obviously a lot more Cumberland than St Bernard. Once he was thoroughly bathed and brushed, we found we had inherited a rather handsome animal.

The initial outlay on vet's bills and special food was daunting, but we are not complaining. The internet offers a host of Cumberlands, from churches to counties, but not a dog. A couple of

hours' research has proved the Cumberland is so rare that it is not even mentioned in the dog books.

The three hajis

The builder Murat had talked for days of getting his team together, and a week ago this elusive team arrived. It includes his father, aged 71, a haji with a white beard, piercing blue eyes and a wee knitted cap. The other members of the team are his father-in-law, a younger and fatter haji, and one non-family member. The latter, named Rıza, is a small, dark man in his late thirties. Rıza is a devout member of an obscure sect which appears to consider dogs so unclean that he cannot be within a hundred yards of Simba. Murat suggested to Selim that Simba be tied at the other end of our land, while Selim suggested that Murat find a non-dog-detesting worker to replace Rıza. But eventually dog and worker seem to sort out an agreement and are never seen near each other.

Murat, as foreman, slouches in the shade all day and appears to have little control over his team. Prayer times are strictly observed, and they all disappear on Fridays to the nearest mosque. On Wednesdays nobody works as it is market day, strictly for socialising – with the odd bit of shopping fitted in.

Father and son bicker constantly, while father-in-law wisely refuses to join in. Yesterday I heard Yusuf shouting at his son for staying out late at a wedding. Murat replied: "You never socialise. When you die there will be nobody at your funeral... When I die there will be hundreds." Yusuf just snorted and walked away, but I have been mulling over this snippet for hours.

The three workers seem to

move in slow motion and yet in a few days they have replanked the roof, affixed the tar-paper and knocked out several walls, as well as plastering inside and out. All this has been achieved while my back was turned.

Whenever I look up at the roof they are retiling, they are crouched immobile in precarious positions with the air of meditating gurus. I have this childlike fixation that if I turn round fast enough I will catch them all, including Murat, scurrying at breakneck speed, only to freeze when they see I am looking.

Rıza

Rıza has turned out to be one of those special people one so rarely meets. He works unflaggingly and is at everyone's beck and call. Shy and polite, he slips little gifts into my hut each morning. A tiny bunch of wild olive flowers, two newly laid eggs, a jar of yoghurt or a loaf of home-made bread. He eats his lunch apart from the others, setting up a plank on bricks under a tree. While the others eat bread and cheese, Rıza's lunch is made up of several neatly wrapped little parcels of stuffed vine-leaves, *börek* or other little delicacies. He arrives on his bicycle promptly at eight each morning, always clean and tidy.

Now that he is more at ease with the mad foreign woman and large hairy dog, I have been able to find out a little about him. He and his wife are Kurdish, with four children under six. Having left eastern Turkey in search of work two years ago, they live in a rented three-room apartment with no running water. Yet he is the only worker who always arrives looking shaved and trim, and on his tiny income his wife manages to create little feasts each day for his lunch.

Craftsmen

When my city friends talk about Turkey, it bears little relation to the Turkey I have lived in for fifteen years. Now I find myself in yet another Turkey, with little but the language in common with Dereköy. Here the old crafts and customs have not died out. Yesterday, when Selim bought a sledgehammer peen, we were directed to the handle specialist. Heading out of town, we turned left at the old Byzantine walls and soon found the tiny workshop of the handle man. Handles for a multitude of implements were propped against the fence, with several varieties of sledgehammer handles on display.

As Selim admired the different woods, the craftsman, recognising a connoisseur, suggested we might prefer an oak handle. An oak handle, of course, being the king of handles, comes more expensive, but Selim felt he could justify the extravagance. This, I imagined, was the end of the matter – bung the handle on and we would be off. But no, tea was ordered and the handle was shaped and reshaped, smoothed and re-smoothed, chiselled and re-chiselled. One of the tools used looked somewhat like a small battle-axe. An old, traditional tool, I was told, but I had never seen one before. Half an hour later we were on our way with our work of art – and less than a pound spent, tea included.

Ceremony

We have two very large female roads who sit under the path lights at night to feast on insects. A friend had named them Igor and Boris but, after we had intruded on an evening of passion, we realised a name change was in order. We've called them Ceremony and Dignity. Simple souls that we are, we love to see the faces of uninitiated guests when we say "Don't stand on Ceremony". ♦

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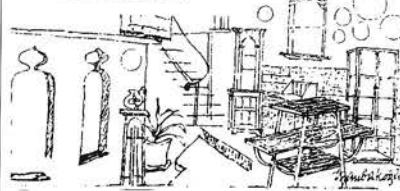
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LETTER FROM ISTANBUL

FOOD FOR THOUGHT BY ANDREW FINKEL

Writing on the wall

In the capitals of the European Union that Turkey aspires to join, the late-night talk shows are all about sex and personal fulfilment. Here, no one has the time. The conversations are about politics, politics and sometimes banking. It's not just the television. A high-powered academic friend tried holding a graduate seminar on social theory and admitted the class had spent the whole time arguing how much the money in their wallets was now worth. I'd had the very same discussion with the man who sells me lettuce from his barrow. Turkey is walking towards the cliff edge, talking as it goes.

It's been a while since Black Monday – February 19 – when news of a tiff behind closed doors between the president and the prime minister reached the markets and in hours wiped \$5 billion off Turkey's foreign reserves. Even rates of interest of over 9,000 per cent did not stop the run on the currency. The Central Bank was forced to rip up an IMF programme to cut Turkey's high rate of inflation and it allowed the lira to float free. The result was that people found themselves 30 per cent poorer against the dollar. All this has come as a brash challenge to the received wisdom of the new Bush administration that there is no difference between companies and countries going bust. It now faces the prospect of a key Nato ally slipping out of orbit.

It was the happy coincidence of a week-long religious holiday in Turkey that gave the exhausted markets pause to

catch their breath. Ankara imported from Washington a white knight, a World Banker named Kemal Derviş (pronounced Dervish). His official job is to give Turkey a credible economic policy, but to many minds his task is no less difficult than to persuade a failed generation of political leaders to fall on their swords.

"It's the worst crisis I've seen," a Western banker friend who has witnessed much in twenty years said at dinner the other night. He'd been here in the 1980s, when Turkey was throwing off the yoke of martial law and trying to get both its democratic institutions and its economy in step with the modern world.

The key name then was Turgut Özal, who as prime minister and then president opened up the private sector to foreign competition and made the Turkish lira convertible. Turkey regained a sense of purpose. It had a youthful population, and even after the fall of the Soviet Union a new strategic mission for the West, both on the perimeter wire with Iraq and as a stepping stone to the mineral resources of Central Asia. The private sector flourished. By the end of 1994 – less than two years after Özal's death – Turkey had removed its trade barriers with Europe in the form of a Customs Union.

The one thing no one thought to reform was government itself.

Özal built roads and dams and wired remote villages with telephones and electricity, but jobs only got done with kick-backs to his own supporters. Subsequent governments also raided the public purse. One of Mr Derviş's priorities is to clean up the state-owned banks, which have long been

the paymasters of the political machine, dishing out cheap credit at election time or unsecured loans to cronies. Accumulated losses amount to around \$20 billion – and some estimate it will take the same again to put them in order.

Ordinary Turks subsidised the waste and corruption not so much through taxes but through high inflation. Turks carry in their wallets 10 million lira bills, the highest denominated note in the world and, after last month's débâcle, worth no more than ten dollars. Turkey has paid, too, with a collapse of confidence not just in its currency but in the whole array of institutional life. Banks grew fat lending to a cash-hungry government, corporations lapped up subsidies. Not just ministers but financiers, newspaper owners and even public prosecutors have been caught with their hand in the till. Little wonder that voters hold the broad array of political parties in equal mistrust.

It took literally an earthquake – the tragic quake east of Istanbul in August 1999 – to bring home to people the fearful price they were paying for being badly governed. The high death toll was not just the work of nature but of years of unenforced regulations, petty corruption and an inability to plan. The catastrophe brought home to ordinary Turks that they were themselves complicit in the neglect. When people spoke of an "earthquake spirit", it was precisely the realisation that change had to come from below. Yet the problem was how to change a political system that had mastered the art of insulating itself from grass-roots pressures and was better at delivering favours at election

time than real accountability.

One solution is the European Union. The run-up to membership requires Turkey to undertake a whole programme of political and social reforms. Turkey recently published what it sees as its agenda for making those changes, but it is in many ways a timorous document – the lowest common denominator among the three parties in the governing coalition rather than a vision of the road ahead.

The one reckoning the government is not able to postpone is the one to the financial markets, and it is on the economic front that the crisis is real and immediate. Turkey's dilemma is simple enough. The size of the economy is around \$210 billion and the size of its debt about three-quarters of that figure. The ratio is even low by international standards. The trouble is that just under \$50 billion of the debt comes from the domestic market and has to be renewed at frequent intervals and at astronomic rates of interest. Printing notes would create not just worse inflation but hyper-inflation and misery for generations to come. Turkey can only meet its obligations by borrowing abroad, and to do so it has to convince a sceptical international community that it would not be pouring good money after bad.

In years past it has been the army that has stepped in to save Turkish politicians from themselves, but this is an uncomfortable option and hardly compatible with integration into the EU. Everyone wishes Mr Derviş well, but unless he can move the cookie jar beyond the reach of his own colleagues, he is destined to fail.

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Writing on the menu

There were four chairs at a table set for three. The welcome spectre at our feast was Halide Edip, prolific novelist and – according to one of my guests, the anthropologist Nukhet Sirman – an infinitely more complex figure than the plaster-cast heroine of Turkey's war for independence that she is often made out to be. Just how complex is a preoccupation of my other guest, Frances Kazan (right), whose second novel, *Halide's Gift*, is published by Random House later this year.

The venue for this convocation of kindred spirits was Circus, one of Nişantaşı's stratospherically fashionable new restaurants – a long, thin railway carriage of a place, cleverly made spacious with the use of high, upholstered banquettes, mirrors and shiny mosaic. The sort of place where Halide Edip might have felt at home? Not exactly. "She wrote about the times when she couldn't get food, but never about what she did eat," according to Sirman, who was happily engaged with a goat's cheese salad as she spoke.

Halide Edip wrote admiringly of the Indian sub-continent and was at home in the best parlours in New York. She might well have approved of the eclectic nature of my tuna sashimi wrapped around a tuna tartare, served with an incongruous accompaniment of diced green apples. The food at Circus is not merely "architectural" – ie arranged with a consciousness of volume and space – but also highly articulated. By this I mean no veg would dare venture onto the wrong side of the angular geometric plates. Instead, dishes are amalgams of



FRANCES KAZAN: A LASTING FASCINATION WITH HALIDE EDIP

separate dishes, each with its own well-demarcated place and often in its own separate bowl.

Well, at least the clientele, quite a few of them women, were worthy successors to a figure whose life spanned the last days of Empire and well

into the Turkish Republic. Around us was a scene that could easily have been Paris or New York. Would not Halide Edip, the epitome of Turkish emancipation, have felt proud? Frances Kazan was not so sure. Edip was someone who rode a

horse through enemy lines; she was no lady-in-a-Wonderbra who lunched. "She was from a class I understand so well," Kazan said. It was the same class that produced Woodrow Wilson, with whom Edip identified and whose university, Princeton, is where Kazan wrote a master's treatise dealing in large part with Edip's time in America.

Edip as a symbol of republican virtues was for many an uncomfortably international person. Her embrace of nationalism was not narrow parochialism but a disgust with empire all too understandable after the horrors of the First World War. "She hated Europe for that very reason, and anything to do with the harem," confirmed Nukhet Sirman. Sirman's interest in Edip is natural enough: both attended Istanbul's American School for Girls. Edip was its first Turkish Muslim graduate, albeit at the expense of her father's career: Abdülhamid did not look sympathetically at a private secretary who sent his daughter to a foreign school.

Sirman – who is currently working on a book entitled *Happy Families in Turkey and Their Secrets* – writes as an

Halide Edip is seen here uncharacteristically dressed up as a village fortune-teller. Her life – she died in 1964 – was one full of incident, more than enough food for discussion to last the courses at the ultra-fashionable Circus.

Edip's two volumes of memoirs remain one of the best guides in English to Turkey's transition from Empire to Republic. One of her earliest recollections was of being taken to the palace gates to find her father, a secretary to Abdülhamid II, in the hope that he would be able to stop her crying. She divorced her husband, a mathematics teacher on whom she doted, because he wanted to take a second wife. Famously, she addressed nationalist rallies in Sultanahmet Square to protest at the Greek occupation of Izmir, but quarrelled with Mustafa Kemal after independence was won. She had hoped to be the first Turkish ambassador to the United States but instead went into exile there, only returning to Turkey after Kemal's death.

She taught in the literature faculty of Istanbul University and died aged 80, a *grande dame* of Turkish letters, a champion of women's rights, but a person of too many times and too many worlds to fit comfortably into the popular imagination.



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anthropologist who explores Edip's novels in much the same way Malinowsky roamed the cultural terrain of the Trobriand Islands. "Each novel is a different experiment in being a woman and of having a relationship," she says. The heroines are tossed and turned by competing notions of ideal conjugality. One of them, in the 1926 novel *Zeyno's Son*, finally gets it "right" by sublimating her sexuality in a Victorian notion of companionable marriage and leaving passion to the natives of Diyarbakır, where the novel is set.

While Sirman the Turkish anthropologist would not arrive at Edip's conclusions about the relationship between the sexes, she zeros in on her understanding that the new Republic was about changing not just some abstract social order but the individuals in it. At the heart of that change was the family. The tension in the novels is between what the heroines are and what they might be.

At that particular moment I had eyes only for a piece of salmon on one of those coloured glass plates. It was described on the menu as spicy and I was cautious. Salmon does not respond well to powerful seasoning, but this was delicate, not overcooked and altogether rather companionable. So, too, was our bottle of pinot grigio. Halide Edip cautioned about confusing affectation and modernisation – but we were having a good time.

Problems of self-definition also obsess the British-born Frances Kazan, although she is more relaxed talking about herself than her novel. This is her second; the first was based on her previous life married to a rock impresario involved with The Who. Her current novel, she admits cheerfully, is also about herself. It may be a long spiritual journey from rock'n'roll to the libraries of Princeton, but no odder than

the odyssey undertaken by her new heroine.

What I gather is that her fascination with Halide Edip, and perhaps with Turkey itself, stems from her surprise and pleasure at understanding them both so well. Frances Kazan first came to Anatolia with her husband, the film director Elia Kazan, in the 1980s, and suddenly the penny dropped. "He looked like everybody in Kayseri," she said. I have read reviews of his film *I, Anatolia* which describe it as over-long and laboured. They say the same thing of Wagner. I can only remember a sense of being overwhelmed after seeing it at the Istanbul Festival. "He feels more and more Anatolian," Frances says of her husband. We will have to read her book to know exactly what that entails.

Halide Edip's eponymous "gift" is one of clairvoyance. Later, Frances Kazan learnt that the gift she ascribed to the fictional Halide is one the real person was thought to have had as a child. Kazan's own gift, it seems, is one of recognition.

A good time for dessert. My quince tart was all it should be. Sirman was making her way through a warm chocolate fondant cake that chef Carlo Bernardini used to serve when he ran the Istanbul Four Seasons, oozing at a respectable distance from a biscuit shaped like an upright stepladder. Frances Kazan was a bit daunted by her crème brûlée – not one bowl but a whole row of different flavoured custards: a crème brûlée Happy Family.

I confess it was I who spoiled the party (I had an appointment at four) or we might be talking still. I paid the bill, a sum that would happily have kept Halide Edip's horse in hay for a year, and we made our way out into a drizzling Nişantaşı afternoon.

'Halide's Gift' by Frances Kazan is published in June by Random House, New York at \$23.95

Slow food revolution

Turkish foodies are holding their heads high after successes at the prestigious Slow Food Awards in Bologna in October. That two of the thirteen finalists from all over the world should hail from Turkey is phenomenal.

These awards were not for the tastiest dish or most imaginative chef but for producers who were doing their bit to preserve food heritage and, in so doing, the environment. The shortlisted candidates were visionaries and downright eccentrics who have dedicated themselves to looking after the earth's edible variety.

Veli Gülas, a beekeeper, was the popular winner of one of five special jury prizes. He tends his honey in a way Pooh Bear might approve of – in the trunks of trees in a remote forest above the Black Sea. His indigenous bees, unlike their disease-bearing cousins imported in box-hives, have long proboscises which enable them to gather nectar and fertilise a variety of mountain flowers. It is chestnut – with its bitterness and, some say, medicinal properties – that makes his honey different.

Mr Gülas had never before been out of Turkey and had walked more than a day from his village to the nearest town to get a passport. Success did not go to his head. His pleasure in his award, he said, was tempered by his neighbours' fears that so much publicity would make the honey they loved too expensive.

Credit is due to the writer Muhtar Katircioğlu and the restoration architect Aylin Tan, who promoted Mr Gülas's candidacy after spotting a documentary about him.

Slow-food warrior Frank Marciano, who heads the Bodrum "convivium", nominated Turkey's other

award winner: the Dal-ko fishermen's co-operative in Dalyan. They were represented by Şükrü Tufan and Muhammet Aktaş, who produce a sort of dried caviar – a condiment whose history goes back to the ancient world, made from grey mullet roe that is slightly salted, dried and then preserved whole in beeswax. It is a complex taste, far more subtle than anchovy, but figures very little on modern Turkish menus.

Sustaining the co-operative also means maintaining the environment of Lake Köyceğiz and protecting it from mass tourism. Dal-ko are bearers of the slow food credo that the best implements for saving endangered habits and species are a simple knife and fork.

To read about Veli Gülas go to: www.slowfood.com/activities/award/Europe/gulaseng.html.

To read about Dal-ko, go to www.slowfood.com/activities/award/Europe/dalkoeng.html.

For more about the Bodrum Slow Food convivium, contact: Frank Marciano at frank@efes.net.tr.

Dining with the Maiden

However grand and exciting the skyline of Istanbul may be, a strong contender for the city's most evocative landmark is the modest lighthouse on an island that guards the entrance to the Bosphorus. The Maiden's Tower has now been restored and turned into a café and restaurant, approachable only by boat – either by shuttle from Salacak (near Üsküdar, on the Asian shore) or by an hourly service from Ortaköy or from Sarayburnu, below the Topkapı. Arriving for dinner one windy, rainy night was a real adventure. Anyone familiar with Istanbul has seen the tower, but actually setting foot in it is a thrill. If a city so spread out can have a centre,

this must be it. Asia, the historic peninsula, the brightly lit hills above the Bosphorus – all seem near enough to touch.

The island comes with the standard legend: a young man swam out every night to see his beloved but got lost when a stiff wind extinguished the lighthouse lamp. He was washed onto the rocks; she, distraught, leapt from the tower. Let me say straight away, it was true love: he could not have been swimming out here for the food.

Adventure there is at the Maiden's Tower, but it is not gastronomic. The food is of the hotel-wedding-reception variety, with a *menu fixe* at about \$40 per head and half as much again for drink. It consists of a meze platter, then a choice of beef, lamb or fish. The best dish was the fish cakes we had smelt frying on our way in from the pier. There is a floor show: a group playing themed music of Istanbul through the ages; an oriental dancer, more Isadora Duncan than wiggly belly; classical Turkish songs accompanied by the zither-like *kanun*. The feel, given the mock standards adorning the stone walls, is similar (minus the forced jollity) to a medieval banqueting night in a London pub. Some tables have a superb view. For the real panorama, climb the stairs, past the souvenir stands, to the belfry.

The restoration is unpopular with Istanbul's conservation lobby, who complain that the franchise-holders have enlarged the island as well as the observation ramp – issues much discussed in the April 2000 issue of *Istanbul* magazine, produced (in Turkish) by the Turkish Historical Association. To be fair, the real damage was done by pourers of concrete in the 1940s. At least the tower is now open to the public.

Reservations for supper are essential. But you can also go

for a more reasonably priced lunch, or for tea and cake, as long as you take the last boat home at six. It is something everyone should do once.

New heights of cool

It's official: Beyoğlu is cool. Meto and Zeynep Fadilloğlu, the architects of Istanbul's nightlife, have blessed the revival of the city's nineteenth-century heartland with a new venture.

Keyifhan is a restaurant which merges into a club as the evening wears on. Unlike the wine bars nearby, with their wood panelling and Levantine names, this is no reinvention of tradition but London-designed chic, by Nigel Coates and Doug Branson, whose other credits include the Body Zone in

London's Millennium Dome and the Fadilloğlus' other downtown but doomed venture, the Taksim Night Park, which was the size of an aircraft hangar.

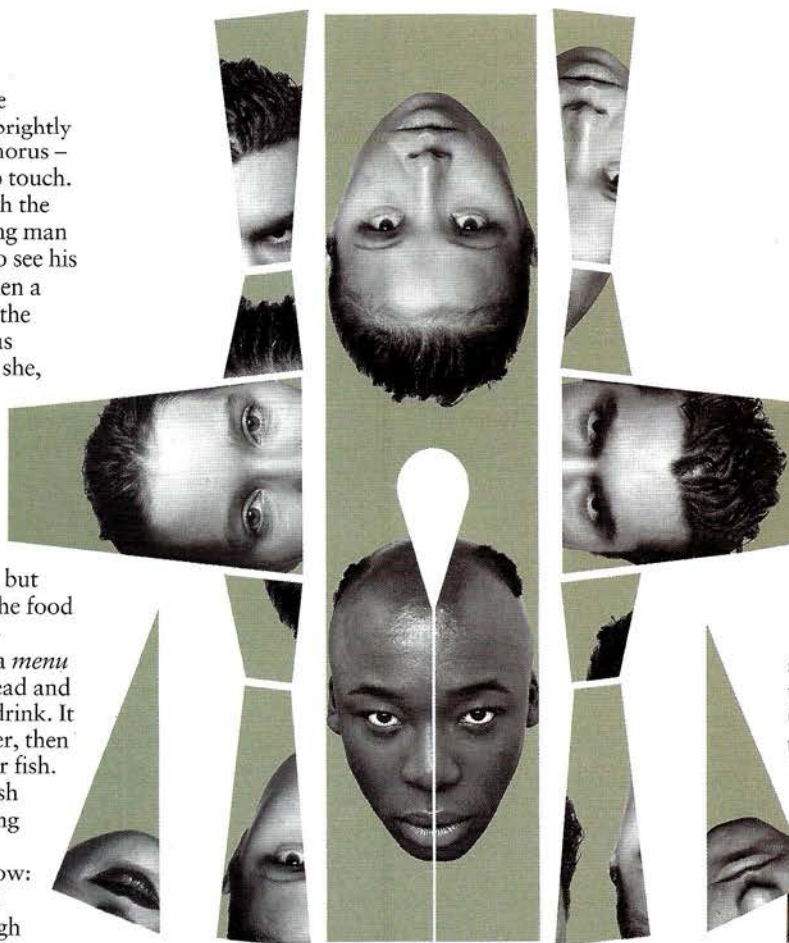
Keyifhan's own body zone is the crush at the bar that spills out into the covered entrance hall of the building, where you can jiggle to the beat until the early hours. This hall is the communal space of a larger complex called Nu-Pera, with a SoHo-style café, a bar and a disco in the dungeon.

Keyifhan's food is probably beside the point. It shows its Club 29 origins with a bread oven producing crowd-pleasing flat breads, and there are lots of Spanish-inspired tapas. A cappuccino crème brûlée was particularly nice. It is not absurdly overpriced – you can eat for under £20 – thanks as much to the owners' decision to attract a less stuffy clientele as to the recent devaluation of the

KAFTANS ARE A RECURRING THEME OF KEYIFHAN'S CUTTING-EDGE DESIGN, LEFT AND BELOW

Turkish lira.

Most of the clientele are probably there to pass judgment not on the nosh but on the design – full of surprises, but comfortable and not in-your-face, according to a new textile-obsessed Coates. The floors are laid with carpet-motif tiles in subdued colours, including a two-balled *çintamani*. The leitmotif is the kaftans: they flow across the ceiling; there are kaftan-shaped panels on the wall; even the chairs are politely dressed. Coates was taken with the way the old Turkish kaftans created body-shaped contours from sharp geometric patterns that



waste none of the cloth. The kaftan-shaped Perspex wall panels dissect a lot of Benetton-style friendly human faces. Has postmodernism finally hit Beyoğlu, or are we seeing an Orientalist revival, repackaged and exported for Oriental consumption? Pretty much all Istanbul is there, making up its mind. Reserve or stay home.

Circus: Abdi İpekçi Cad 5/3, Maçka, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 219 9675/6
Kizkulesi (Maiden's Tower): for details and bookings, tel 90-216 342 4747
Keyifhan: Meşrutiyet Cad 147, Tepebaşı, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 245 5806/10.

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www.swissotel.com bosphorus@swissotel.com.tr

Tel 90-212 326 1100. Fax 90-212 326 1122



HYATT REGENCY ISTANBUL

One of Istanbul's smartest new hotels: an opulent Ottoman-style oasis on Taksim Park: 360 deluxe rooms include superbly appointed suites. 71-room VIP Regency Club. Business centre; Italian, Turkish and Asian cuisine, popular American jazz bar, al fresco garden dining above the pool; health centre and floodlit tennis. Information: www.hyatt.com

Tel 90-212 225 7000. Fax 90-212 225 7007



ADANA HILTON AND MERSIN HILTON

International hotels with fine restaurants and bars, perfect for business and pleasure travellers in southern Turkey. Adana HiltonSA on the Seyhan River overlooks the Roman bridge and old city, 3km from airport. 308 luxury rooms, 17 suites. Clubroom, ballroom, health club, business centre. Mersin HiltonSA stands in lush waterfront gardens in one of Turkey's major trade centres: 188 rooms & suites.

Tel 90-322 355 5000. Fax 90-322 355 5050

CORNUCOPIA'S LUXURY HOTEL DIRECTORY

The guide to Turkey's best luxury hotels

For further information, simply complete the form opposite page 34 or visit www.cornucopia.net



DIVAN PALMIRA – BODRUM

More like a private village than a hotel, the Divan Palmira, in the beautiful, fashionable but unspoilt Türküü Bay, offers the ultimate luxury: a soothing environment minutes from Bodrum's coolest locations. 55 spacious rooms with views of sea or gardens, 4 suites and one junior suite. Great cooking, superb service. welcom@divanpalmira.com www.divanpalmira.com.

Tel 90-252 377 5601/2. Fax 90-252 377 5952



HOTEL BORDUBET – MARMARIS

Vibrant bougainvillea. Deep red hibiscus. Purple oleander. A river meandering through verdant gardens. A private island in the sapphire-blue Mediterranean. The Bordubet is unique even in this land of secluded paradises. It is only one of Savile's selection of fine hotels, private villas with pools and luxury cruises. To find out more, ask for the Savile Turkish Collection 2001.

Tel 44-20 7483 9225. Fax 44-20 7483 9226



HILLSIDE BEACH CLUB – FETHIYE

All 365 rooms have a view of the crystal blue sea in this first-class holiday village, set in a private pine-clad bay 5 mins from Fethiye. Warm, enthusiastic service and a whole range of top-quality facilities allow guests the opportunity to relax in the peaceful atmosphere or enjoy the many sports activities offered. 1 hr to Dalaman Airport. April–October. www.hillside.com.tr hbc@hillside.com.tr.

Tel 90-252 614 8360 Fax 90-252 614 1470



SHERATON VOYAGER ANTALYA HOTEL

One of the Mediterranean's finest hotels: views over Antalya Bay to the Olympos Mountains, large pool with waterfall, a choice of restaurants and bars, and full conference facilities. Walk through subtropical gardens to the beach. Reservations arranged at top golf courses. Antalya Airport: 20 mins. reservations.voyager@starwoodhotels.com www.sheraton.com

Tel 90-242 238 5555. Fax 90-242 238 5570



ADA HOTEL – BODRUM

Designer hotel 20 mins to Bodrum. 7 rooms & 4 suites of unabashed luxury – antique rugs, fireplace, balcony. Turkish bath, swimming pool, beachclub, fitness centre, massage, sauna. Two à la carte restaurants: seafood, own herbs, Mediterranean cuisine, long wine list (climatised wine cellar). Home theatre, library, meeting room, computers. Yacht & limousine. www.adahotel.com; info@adahotel.com

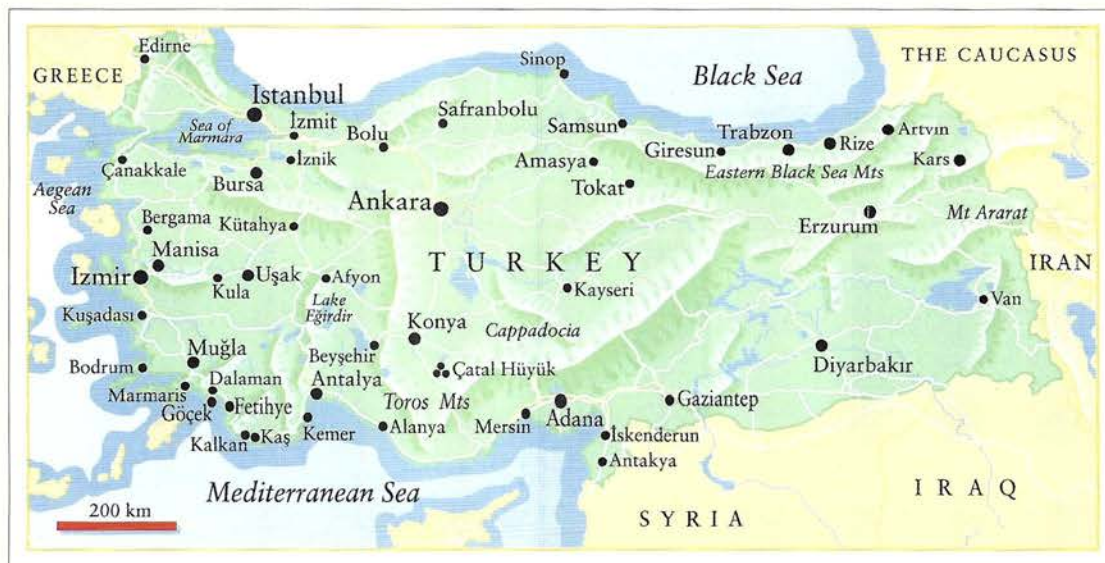
Tel 90-252 377 5915pbx. Fax 90-252 377 5379



QUEEN ADA HOTEL – BODRUM

Nothing comes between you and the perfect Mediterranean holiday in this hotel idyllically set in beautiful gardens with its own beachfront and private jetty in pretty Torba Bay. 22 aircon rooms and a spacious suite offer a charm impossible to find in large 5-star hotels. Bodrum: 10 mins Bodrum Airport: 30 mins. www.queenadahotel.com.tr queenad@ibm.net

Tel 90-252 367 1598pbx. Fax 90-252 367 1614



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For centuries this city of legends has attracted people and captured the admiration of all who come here. Along with the city's incomparable natural beauties, some of its more unusual personalities and situations have become classics in their own right...



Seaside Mansions

The Seaside Mansions which enhance the unique natural beauty of the Bosphorus with their wonderful architecture and handmade wooden artworks. Since 17th century they serve as the jewels on the priceless necklace of the city.

Çınar Hotel

Comfortable guest rooms with breathtaking views of the Marmara sea, restaurants, bars, ballroom, meeting rooms, outdoor and indoor pools, shopping, cinema and perfectly reliable service of unsurpassed quality.

Since first opening its doors in 1958, offering warm hospitality that has remained in the hearts and minds of countless guests, truly an Istanbul classic...

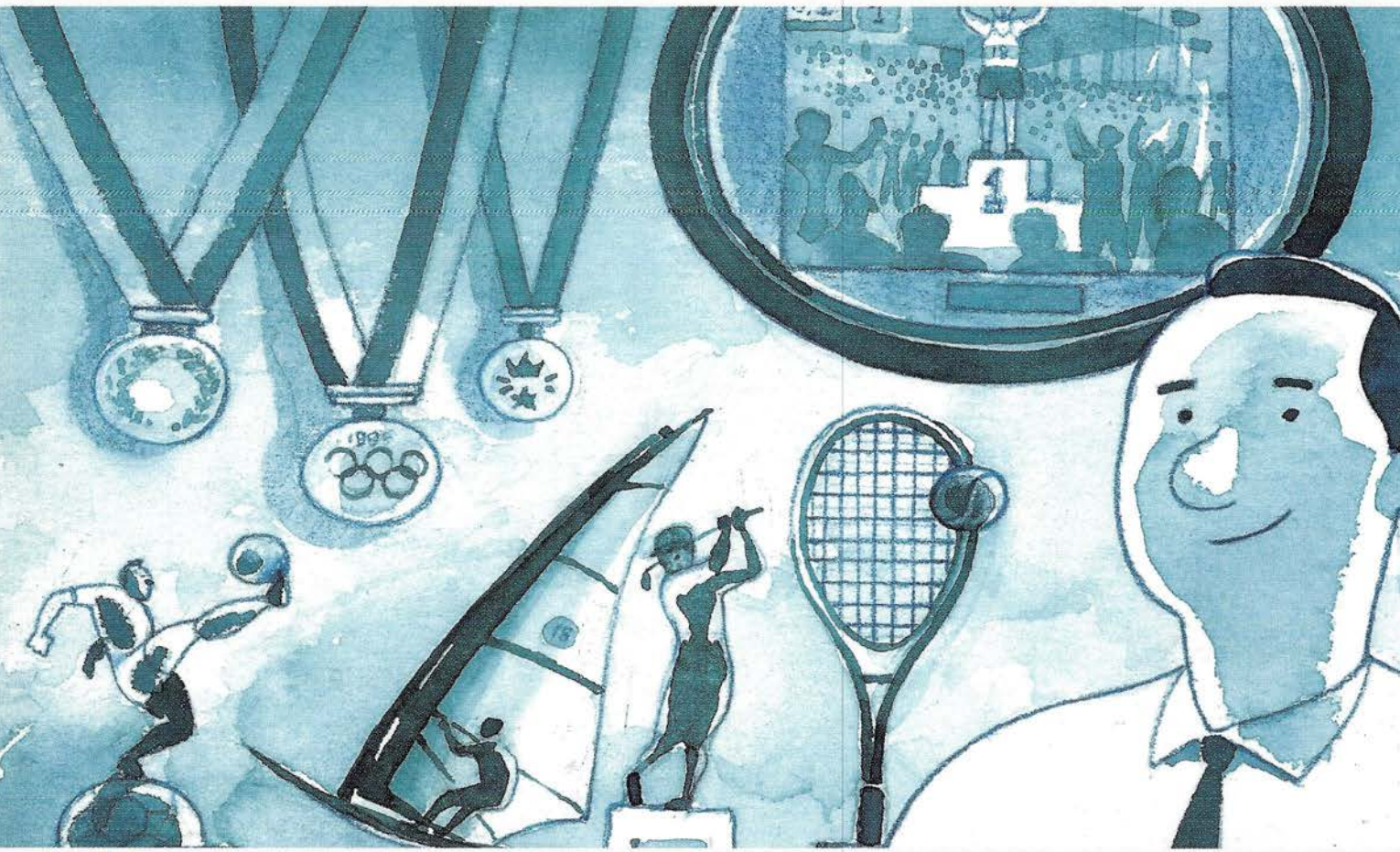


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even more comfortable and even more striking? Take a look at your own life. Exactly, the same thing.



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